

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THE movement in the City Council introduced by Ald. Oliver, who is well known and liked personally as a generous man, and hurriedly and enthusiastically supported by the majority of vote-hunting representatives of the people, to fix the wages of laborers on civic works at twenty cents an hour, is but another indication of the pernicious idea that the handling of public money is a private right rather than a public duty. "Saturday Night" stood alone in its condemnation of twenty-six scrub-women being employed at the City Hall for a number of hours per day which made it quite possible for them to scrub the whole building out of existence. Because they were women and some of them widows with children, the entire press of the city shouted for the retention of all of them at the legal rate per hour and for all the hours that they found it possible to work, or pretend to work. The spasmodic sentimentality which these scrub-women excited found enthusiastic defence in almost every Toronto newspaper, and I ventured to predict that the unbusinesslike expenditure of public funds, even on behalf of widows and women with children, could have no effect but the debauching of the idea that public business must be done on business principles. Ald. Spence and the whole bunch of so-called "reform" aldermen were in favor of retaining all the women and giving them full time, in contradiction of the action of the committee which has the management of the City Hall, and of the decision of the Contractors, who, until the outbreak of sentimentality, supported the committee.

We are now reaping the whirlwind. Eighteen thousand dollars of an increase in the cost of laborers doing work in this city, with an incalculable increase in the cost of future contract work, suddenly confronts us as the outcome of this "spasmodic sentimentality," this continual pusillanimity of our municipal rulers. Without being asked, an alderman springs the twenty cents per hour scheme on the Council, and remembering what a fortune it was to the man who was then Ald. Fleming that he fathered the fifteen cents per hour by-law, all the aldermanic acrobats excepting Crane, Curry and Fleming at once take the hurdle and shout aloud in favor of giving the poor man a chance. Ald. Curry has distinguished himself, not only in this, but in other instances, by refusing to acquiesce in demagoguery.

All the daily papers have taken flight at the enormous increase in the cost of public works involved in this twenty cents per hour suggestion. Watching for the saving of large amounts, never careful as to principle, the newspapers are now doing what they were ashamed to do when the wages of scrub-women were being discussed. It seems indelicate and stingy beyond mention to be concerned in the cutting down of either the number of women or the number of hours in which they work at the City Hall, yet when a business proposition was under discussion business principles, not the sloppy sentimentality which does not prevail in hiring char-women in the household, should have been insisted upon. It was not insisted upon, and now we have this last indefensible and alarming case of demagoguery to consider.

In considering it, first of all let it be mentioned that the daily papers with one accord see that it will not benefit the laborers of Toronto, but will invite to this city such a large number of outsiders who cannot get any such wages elsewhere, that the older and weaker laborers now resident here will be crowded out of employment and be made a charge upon the city. Under the fifteen cents per hour rule this was the case. Eighteen cents per hour invited still further competition. Twenty cents an hour simply means that if contractors have to pay it they will take the greatest possible pains in getting men who can earn it, and those who are doing fairly well for themselves and for the city at the old wage rate will become objects of charity.

In the second place, all intelligent business men who know how ephemeral good times are apt to be, are aware that we have already had as lengthy a period of unusual prosperity as we can hope for. As Joseph in Egypt prepared during the fat years for the lean ones, so our city Josephs should not establish rules and rates, at what is possibly the conclusion of a prosperous period, which will hamper the half-starving taxpayer during the time when his income is seriously reduced. We cannot hope for aldermen with brains and courage enough to cut down a fixed standard of wage, even though times are hard. Such a thing would be extraordinary in view of the shallow-pated and dull-witted procedure which vote-hunters have engaged in that the workingmen may call them blessed, by raising a standard which will at once do both them and the city harm. Furthermore, this action of the city will encourage all wage-earners to demand an increased sum from their employers. Men are striking or going on strike for forty-five cents an hour, which, if they work ten hours a day, would be four dollars and a half. The building trade cannot stand it. Those who live in buildings cannot stand it. The wage-earners have to pay rentals, and rentals are being raised on account of these extortionate demands. The whole result will be that the large taxpayer will take the fat out of the present good times by roasting his tenants that he may not suffer later on when the tenants roast him. The whole business is in defiance of all the laws of economics and propriety, and the men who have had to do with the establishing of a false scale of civic wages should be avoided when large tasks are being awarded to the worthy.

There is no sign more unfailing of the end of a period of prosperity than the clamor of unions, politicians and demagogues for a rate of wage which bears no proportion to the actual standard value of the work done. No house can be built at inflated prices which can be rented during years averaging good and bad, at a rental which is not oppressive to the tenant. Do these men ever think that by false economics and the providing of demagogic incentives to unjust demands they become the greatest enemies both of the workingman, the taxpayer and the general public? Possibly it is too much to hope that selfish people engaged in making profit from day to day should think of the longer periods in which good and bad times alternate. It seems to me, however, that newspapers, supposed to be thoughtful for the future as well as observant of the present, should adhere to Principles and in small things demand an absolute adherence to what is proper in the conduct of public business. If they do so they would be more consistent and influential in condemnation of vote-catching propositions and extravagant expenditures such as the one which has so alarmed the City Engineer and those who have money invested in Toronto.

THE glory of the bravery of the Canadians who fought and fell in the recent battle in South Africa, is without doubt being diminished rather than increased by the vulgar trumpet-playing of newspapers which seem to be surprised that such sturdy manhood owns Canada as its birthplace. The reiteration of the same despatches day after day, the sickening talk from the house-tops of the journalistic stay-at-homes who seek to share in the glory of an heroic event, cheapen and make commonplace what, if simply announced, would thrill the hearts of the fellow-citizens of those who were wounded or who are dead. Much of the newspaper grief is of a political and pandering sort, disgusting and degrading. The simple announcement made in

the House of Commons, thrilling and pervading all classes, sufficed. Surely we are not surprised that Canadians who went to South Africa to fight, when the moment came, fought. What decently inspired newspaper has a right to suggest, even by implication or over-congratulation, that a Canadian would fail to do that which he went out to do? Will the newspapers please let us have the uncorrupted idea that this is Canada's idea of duty? Military glory, local pride, journalistic yellowism, may take much cheap pleasure in being at the funeral and shaking hands with everybody and claiming relationship with the deceased, but beyond the natural impulse, excusable for a moment, contemptible if persisted in, of desiring to feel the thrill which bravery and glory bring to one of the same kin or the same country as the hero, let us not go.

THE Canadian Club, which has fortunately been able to keep itself free from sectarian topics, has apparently thrown wide open the door in such matters by its invitation to Rev. Father Teevy to deliver an address at its weekly luncheon, on "The State and Education." We can all agree with the distinguished speaker that "the ethical and religious side of a youth should be cultivated." Nor can we take serious objection to the assertion that "education devolves primarily upon the parents, and not upon the State." Many things have assumed a co-operative character which were primarily private duties. Sanitation, transportation, communication, education, rank alike in this matter. The good of the many has been taken charge of by that majority which constitutes government of some sort, and this government is what Father Teevy no doubt refers to as the State. It is his attitude to the State which demands consideration.

According to the "Globe" report of the 5th inst., Father

out by that of the only other paper which I have been able to find referring to it, further states Father Teevy as saying, "The family, the Church and the State were involved in the question of education, and it was their duty to work together for the benefit of the individual and of the country." We must believe that Father Teevy's idea is that the Church is to save the individual and the State is to save the country, and the Church is to control both. How has it worked out in the countries where the Church has taught the superiority of canon to civil law? Has it not resulted in interminable revolutions and a contempt for the civil law, which the individual taking shelter in the Church has been led to despise? As a matter of fact, there can be no division of authority in temporal matters. The State must be supreme in material things. Citizenship alone must be recognized in temporal matters, and if the Church aids in creating good citizenship it is to be blessed. If it creates bad citizenship it is to be cursed, for the man who is not a good citizen cannot be a good religionist, and the one who is not acceptable in matters wherein we can judge, to the civil government, is very unlikely to be acceptable in matters wherein we cannot judge, to the Higher Tribunal, which I for one refuse to believe is represented on earth by the Pontiff at Rome.

I quite agree with Father Teevy that "no State could monopolize education, and where that was done it was done to the injury of the whole body." The State is not trying to monopolize education. No one asserts that education is purely the work of the schools, of the Church or of the family; it is one of life's processes going on and controlled largely by our experience, circumstances, environments and everything that we see and hear. That either the State or the Church should endeavor to monopolize education, or jointly to monopolize it, would be the most absurd sort of

duties involved, is not only correct in spirit, but in this country meaningless. It is not the habit of anyone to enquire into the religious faith, in business matters, though if Father Teevy's advice and his system of education were more generally followed it might be necessary to enquire whether the citizen desiring employment is loyal first of all to Rome and only in a comparative degree to the civil powers which control all the "avenues of industry." Father Teevy should move up the aisle a few centuries and recognize the obvious fact that while the Church may destroy by intrigue, it is not developing by education, and is unwilling to abandon official control of the sun, moon and stars, and of places for policemen, postmasters and political jobbers generally.

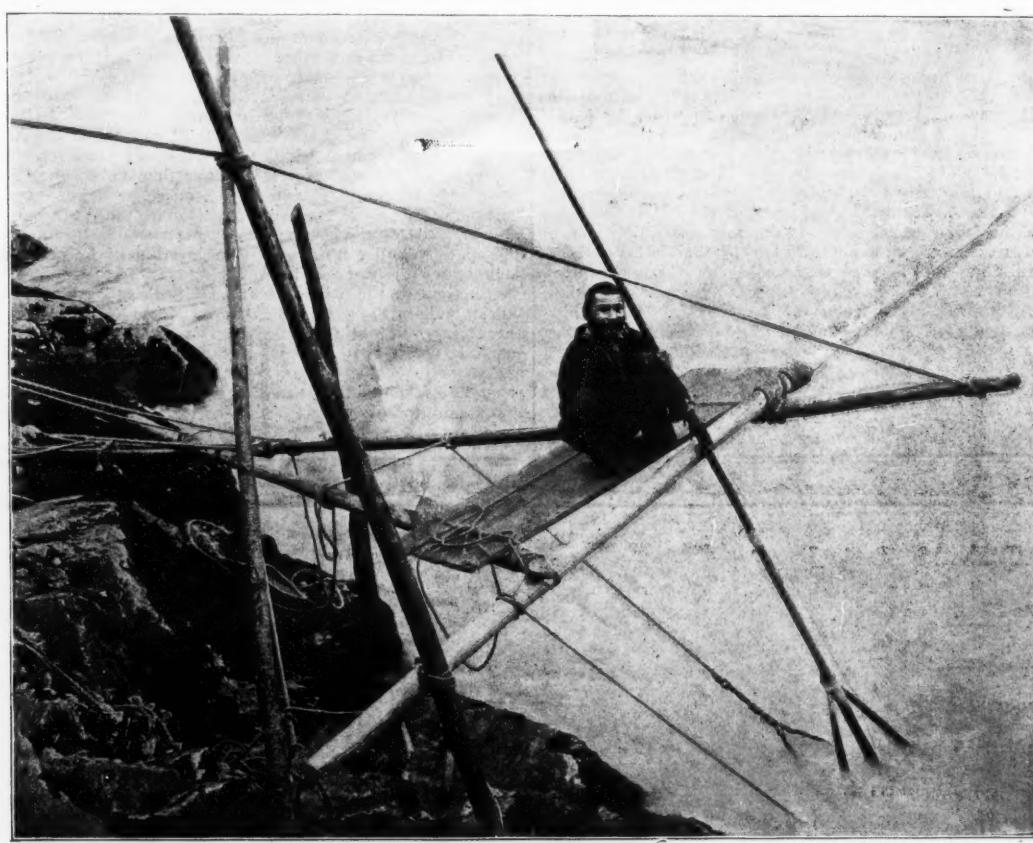
THE tendency to officially create and observe holidays which are neither necessary nor conducive to an increase of the sentiment supposed to be at the bottom of this holiday-making, indicates that our Government imagines that we are anxious for chances to quit work rather than looking for opportunities to work at our best. Good Friday is no doubt commemorative of a great event, and should be observed, but why Easter Monday should be a holiday those who framed the statute only know. Banks are closed on that day, and as there is no earthly reason why business should be given such a pinch, naturally enough the commercial public forget all about Easter Monday and damn those who inflicted it upon us in a business way. Coronation Day, it is said, is to be a public holiday. If so, what is to become of our First of July? Are we to have two holidays in near together as the 26th of June and the First of July? Is it not possible that we are permitting our parliamentary bodies to authorize too many holidays? It is all right for people to go holidaying of their own accord; it is all wrong by statute to make them go holidaying, or at least to make them suspend business. Our laws should be for the expansion and prosecution of commercial enterprises, not for their curtailment. Unionism provides ample machinery for exacting the largest possible amount of wage from the employer. Individual necessities for rest and recreation are well covered by the half-holiday on Saturday, the cessation from business on Sunday; and our national impulses find sufficient vent on that Imperial holiday, the Twenty-fourth of May, the patriotic celebration of the First of July, and the religious festival which we call Thanksgiving Day.

Gradually there are being inserted into the calendar all sorts of days. Coronation Day is the newest thing we have bumped up against, which, coupled with the King's Birthday, requires that we call ourselves off from toil and attention to business twice during the current "per annum" to holler about things that, loyal as we are, do not really concern us. We fixed on the Twenty-fourth of May as the day to do our Imperial demonstrating, and the parliament or legislature which adds two more days to this is doing no good, but harm, both commercially and sentimentally. Once every year we celebrate when Christ was born, when the year is born, when Christ died, when the Empire was born, (the Twenty-fourth of May), when the Dominion was born, when the city decides it should take a rest, when Labor got to be boss of the job, and when we say "thank you" for the good harvest. Is not this enough? Supposing all legislative bodies now suspend their functions as regards holiday-making and let each man, woman and child celebrate his and her birthday, the canary bird's birthday, and the dog's entrance into the world, and the cow's exit, and the day when the old horse came of age, and everything that they see fit to form the basis of a holiday, and let us go about our business with as few interruptions as possible. In this holiday business it seems to me our lawmakers are becoming busybodies and are keeping many legitimately busy people from attending to their tasks.

KEYHOLE politics, though many other objectionable varieties of running elections have been in vogue, for many years have been out of fashion. Paul Pry and Listening Jimmy have not been considered respectable. Men who take an inventory of the larder the open door of which joins the apartment in which they are hospitably received, and publish their impressions as facts, are not nowadays esteemed proper persons to be politely used. Slippery Johns of this sort get no further than the door of a club and are not permitted to become more intimate with polite society than that large public which always has the privilege of ringing the door-bell. That the "Mail and Empire" has presented to its readers an inventory of the larder of the car which conveyed its Cabinet Ministers to New Ontario may be a great stroke of journalism, or more likely it may be a development of an ill-bred imagination. The suggestion that \$5,000 worth of drinkables—carefully described—was on board, is so palpably the work of a man who ought to be in the bug-ward of a hospital, that nothing else in the article will be considered as anything but an innuendo. At a dollar a bottle this would mean five thousand bottles, a stock which no dining-car would hold and leave any room for the waiters. The list of food and the prices are "off," and the suggestion that the Ministers, tired out by a hard session, were going northward to put the constituencies on the bum is another evidence that what the "Mail and Empire" needs is "not pictures, but brains," for no one will believe that a new "corkscrew brigade" could be organized out of a Cabinet which may not have been kind to prohibition, but which is admittedly composed of men who are teetotalers or most distinctly abstemious in their habits.

IT would appear from recent coroners' inquests in this city, that many people go to the grave because they are hopeless and helpless without the strength of someone recently deceased. Items in the newspapers frequently tell us of husbands who follow their wives out of the world almost at the same time, either naturally or by suicide, and of wives who shrink from facing the world in the absence of a helpmate. The world is full of "leaners;" those who lean against someone with a stronger nature; those dependent upon others for guidance, for courage, for help. In the serious matter of religion this can every day be seen by those who observe the multitude who go to their priest or pastor to know if this is right or that is wrong. In literary matters those who are supposed to be strong, almost universally lean upon some leader of the craft or follow some scribe-maker in what is presumed to be literature. In warehouses, business offices, in the management of big enterprises, some man is leaned upon. In communities, homes, social circles, the leaners are numerous, and it must be that those leaned upon get weary. In the majority of cases, if a strong character moves from the point where he has been a leaning-post for the many, the many almost curse him or her for the change of position which let them drop. The weakness of human nature is best exemplified by the strength of the few. It always has been so, and I suppose always will be.

A LETTER has reached me making complaint of the disorderly manner in which newly-made graves are looked after in our cemeteries. While I am quite convinced that my correspondent has good reason for complaining that the superfluous, loose earth is not removed or compactly adjusted over the new grave, I am sure the super-



This illustration shows an Indian fishing for salmon on the Thompson River near Kamloops, B.C. It is a swift-running stream, and his platform is crude but substantial. With his net the Indian waits patiently all day for luck. As the canneries pay from 8 to 10 cents each for the salmon, the job is not very remunerative, but enough to satisfy the Indian.

Teefy objected to the fact that when the State undertakes to educate a child it is likely to be "treated as a mere citizen." This contemptuous attitude towards citizenship, it seems to me, should not pass unresented. It is on a par with the statement made on St. Patrick's Day by an amiable and prominent priest, that while the proudest boast to-day is "I am a British citizen," a still prouder boast is "I am a Roman Catholic citizen." In these two assertions we find the opposition of the historic church to what is and should be the idea of citizenship. The "mere citizen" is the only person with whom the State has to deal; it is the only person that the State has a right to develop, to shape, to direct, to control. If the "mere citizen" is a good citizen he does not offend his neighbor by doing that which is disorderly, immoral, or destructive of the public good. Our laws cannot interfere with him, and our good sense should accept him as more desirable than the man who would be theoretically acceptable to Father Teefy, but upon civil trial would probably receive five years in the penitentiary.

He asserted, according to the report before me, "that the Church had a right to say that her children should have a right to be educated in her beliefs and creeds. That this was not admitted did not show that the Church was wrong." This is a piece of casuistry frequently to be found in such arguments. Nobody denies "that the Church has a right to say that her children should have a right to be educated in her beliefs and creeds;" what the State has a right to say is that this shall not be done at public expense, nor by means of the machinery of taxation, a thoroughly civil process. The results of what is practically Father Teefy's assertion that the State should be made to teach "beliefs and creeds," have not been shown to be beneficial to citizenship. The reverse is the case, as the criminal statistics published on this page some weeks ago clearly demonstrated.

His assertion that "education to-day was becoming more material and ceasing to be religious" is perhaps true. The material section of education is being properly attended to by the State. If the religious end of it is not being properly attended to by the Church, the Church should be blamed. That the State in the widest sense is neglecting to encourage the finer arts can only be answered by the assertion that Father Teefy will no doubt resent, that this education is being much better attended to than when the Church had charge of it.

"That the present condition of affairs in educational matters would tend to the degradation of the individual and the country, the speaker had no doubt, but he hoped so far as Canada and the Church were concerned they would do their best to encourage literature and the higher sciences." In the light shed by history on the attitude of the Church to the "higher sciences," this is amusing. Had the Church had its way there would be no higher sciences, and no literature which did not find endorsement by the Pontiff.

The report from which I am quoting, and which is borne

doctrine, for one would have to be either in a cloister or a prison cell to be prevented from receiving education from other sources.

The assertion "that the child must be educated according to its conscience and that of its parents" is an assertion that the conscience is a God-given entity, which can be best refuted by the statement that if such were the case all consciences would be alike. As a matter of fact, no two consciences are alike. Two good consciences existing in separate individuals may be in absolute opposition. That it is the duty of the State to educate a child in the prejudices, religious or otherwise, of its parents, is an absurdity, and directly opposed to any possible unity of citizenship, convergence of opinion, or propriety of action.

Furthermore, Father Teefy asserts, "when it is insisted that children shall go to particular schools, when it is insisted that parents shall pay taxes to support particular schools, contrary to their conscience, then the State is interfering with the most sacred obligations that men have to perform." By "particular schools" it is to be presumed that Father Teefy means public schools—those provided by the State to teach good citizenship and to constitute a uniformity of belief in matters purely temporal and having nothing to do with those religious prejudices which, by the way, are not interfered with, but entirely disregarded, except in matters of good taste and in the avoidance of such things as may give offence. The conscience is an educated thing, and the failure of the State to shape the conscience in temporal matters would be to abrogate its every claim to the formation of a character likely to conform to our laws and to the creation and retention of a proper system of government. That this system can run concurrently with the teaching by the Church of its doctrines with regard to religious life and what is beyond the grave, is obvious to every fair-minded person. The Church's teaching that the canon law is superior to the civil law seems to me to be destructive of good citizenship, a law so dangerous to the existence of the State that had the reverse to it been taught when the Church was supreme it would have been at once interdicted. It is not the custom of a free people to interdict anything in the shape of religious teaching, though it must be said that nearly every Catholic country which by revolution—the only method at hand—achieved its freedom from the domination of the Church, has taken measures to interdict this very teaching in order to insure the permanence of the State. Protestant countries feel that they can well afford to permit this dangerous doctrine to be taught, believing that their system of secular education is a sufficient guarantee that so pernicious a belief privately disseminated can never again bring the civilized world under the yoke of an ecclesiastical court.

The concluding sentence with regard to leaving "every avenue of industry open to the child irrespective of conscience" and in proportion as he is able to perform the

intendents will look after the matter now that their attention is called to it. I cannot fully share with him his sentimental hardships which winter-made graves excite in his mind, for personally I believe in cremation, and thoroughly appreciate the difficulties of making the grave saturated with snow, ice and rain look comfortable. Perhaps when the death of the prejudice against cremation relieves the necessity of these sore spots on the face of the earth we will all be better pleased, the general health improved, and death and burial will lose some of their horrors. In the meantime it is to be hoped that those in charge of burial places will do their best during the winter months to avoid shocking the sense of order and regard for appearances which appear to have been outraged in the case of my correspondent.

A PHYSICIAN of note, writing on the subject of prunes, says a pound of prunes is equivalent, as food, to a gallon of milk, and costs but a quarter as much. It is about equivalent to a pound of bread, but is far more healthful. Considered from an economic standpoint, no fresh meat, fish, milk, or eggs can be provided for the same moderate cost, and none of them contains, even approximately, the same aggregate of nutritive elements. This should afford comfort passing the mere gratification of an appetite to those who dwell in boarding-houses, for at this season of the year particularly, "them durn prunes again" can only be made endurable by a certificate of character such as the above. If prunes were a dollar a pound more care would be taken in the cooking of them, and they would become an aristocratic dish instead of a boarding-house diet. The much slandered prune is not dissimilar in its fate to the potato; everybody knows how to cook it, consequently only good cooks do it well.

"Tearing-Up" Day in a Newspaper Office.

How Ancient and Bewitched Manuscripts Are Disposed of and the Thoughts Such a Process Suggests.

IN an editorial office matters have to be handled differently from those of a purely mercantile concern. People make complaints which have to be looked into. They ask questions which have to be answered with care; suggest various lines of thought which may be practicable or impracticable; tell long-winded stories which have to be read, not at the impossible moment, but at time of leisure; write tales which have no plot, no meaning, and yet sometimes have a brightness of dialogue which suggests ability; consume quires of paper which may have one attractive thought which at the moment the editor considers worth sparing.

All these letters and manuscripts and clippings from newspapers, bearing on all sorts of topics under comment, are kept within reach by the industrious compiler of current criticisms. After a few weeks, particularly after a few months, though the pile of material is continually being reduced by examination and elimination, a mass of material accumulates which is unwieldy and the subjects involved untimely. To go through such a mass is neither a pleasant nor a satisfactory process. I generally take a holiday for tearing up what I have no space for, and Good Friday was my last experience. It is what I call "Tearing-up" day. It is a process of house-cleaning of more than a material sort. Many things remind one of uses to which the material could have been put, material which at the moment has to go into the waste-basket. Letters have to be destroyed to which tentative replies had been sent, and the futility of dallying with those who do not know their own minds has been demonstrated. Unused communications from valued correspondents come under one's eye, and the divergence of view and the immaturity of conclusion shown between letters from the same person rather steken one's hopes for bright things from this person of wobbly opinions who perhaps had considerable pull in the past.

In commercial transactions it is the habit to preserve all correspondence, yet in small matters which have been closed there is always a large amount of material which it would be wasteful to keep. The untruthfulness of assertion, inaccuracy of statement, cowardliness of threat, which cannot fail to impress one in glancing over an epistolary argument, are nauseous. Sentimental appeals for assistance, both financial and in the direction of getting into an occupation, drearily define the limitations of those who would like to be better off than they are. These things have been preserved, while perhaps only trivial efforts have been made to find a place for those who have discovered themselves helpless in anchoring their lives.

Altogether, tearing-up day, ridding one's desk and correspondence-baskets of what has become a nuisance by its long presence, is not a cheerful exercise. In everybody's mental office, where the soul sits when it is doing business with those elements which restrain or encourage it, there must be every once in a while a clearing of the table and a riddance of the drawers in which debatable material has found lodgment. The souls that never demand an audit, which do not insist upon a monthly or at least an annual statement, become the insolvent and destructive elements not only of the Thought world, but of the practical sphere of which the mind is the Court of Revision.

In matters of polities, how we all have to tear up letters, declarations, accounts and statements, directed to us simply because the one impelled by ambition or overcome by difficulty wears a party name similar to our own. The improprieties contained in these letters make one feel ashamed of the community of interest implied by a common party name. In religious matters it is revolting to discover, as the soul sits at the desk of memory, that nearly everything is wastage, that the pure impulse of being and doing good is at the basis of so little that is done in the name of Christ, a name so beautifully exalted at Easter time. Family ties, friendships, appeals made on behalf of those left by others who are dead—how singularly selfish and cold these things seem after lying for a month or two upon one's desk. Perhaps the change and the cynicism may be chargeable to one's own self—it does not matter; they are there. It seems to me that ninety-nine per cent. of the letters written either by or on behalf of those who think they have sentimental claims, would have been burned if they had been kept overnight.

Clearing up, whether it be one's desk, or one's memory, or one's intentions, is a saddening process, particularly if it is permeated by a sense of finality, such as is shown in His Holiness the Pope's encyclical, that touch of the end of things—felt annually for perhaps twenty years—which makes one feel that if the opportunity to serve is not now used it may never occur again.

Looking over the columns which I have so long supervised, in search of something which I thought I had done, I was greatly impressed with the amount of space taken by those who advertise remedies for the alleviation of pain, the lengthening of life, and the cure of disease. For people to seek ease by following the experience of others and by the use of discoveries made by those who lacked health, seems to be one of the great features of the age. Possibly if one looked back a few decades, or at most a century, it would be found that those using the advertising pages of a newspaper offered nothing much more important than remedies for bowels which failed to perform their function, or blood-purifiers which were supposed to keep one's system at a proper temperature. Nowadays every ill is described or anticipated; foods, drinks, thoughts, exercises, clothing—everything is suggested for the prolongation and increased happiness of life. The natural man starts in with an idea that he is healthy, and that while sickness may afflict others nothing is liable to come his way except, perhaps, disappointment in love or riches. He lived as if his stomach were built to withstand all sorts of bad treatment, and his digestion sufficient for every new thing pleasing to the taste. This is a remnant of the purely animal life from which the human species is said to have evolved. Evolution, if it be a correct theory, seems to have arrived at a much more advanced stage than Spencer left it in. In physical and educational matters the human mind projects itself into the future, and people read tiresome things

eat untoothsome foods, drink unpalatable decoctions, do wearisome and monotonous things, and altogether seem to be inclined to aid the law of selection by selecting themselves to live long and die happily, even if they have to be miserable every minute to do it. Whether such a course—a course that is evidently well defined in the popular mind, else the vendors of medicine would not make such appeals—is conducive to happiness or makes very much difference in the result, each individual will, of course, judge for himself or herself. One thing is evident, that the world has greatly changed; good health is not expected as a natural perquisite of the race, illness is not regarded as merely a temporary matter, and liability to disease is everywhere recognized. Whether this babying of oneself that one's days may be increased in number and one's life enlarged in the sense of usefulness either to oneself or to one's fellows, is wise, is a question quite open to dispute; for introspection, the feeling of one's own pulse and the continuous examination of one's symptoms, are liable to develop into a morbid attitude not at all conducive to happiness, longevity and well-being.

Tearing up the correspondence of a few months, observing the great changes that time has made in even so short a period, is a wholesome as well as a necessary occupation. If we frequently take our bearings like a captain at sea, we are more apt to know "where we are at." In every confusion of our interests with those of others, it is best for us often and with the greatest finality of intention to settle the little questions which we are so prone to leave open. Death will sometimes settle all these matters, and when there is no voice left to explain one side of the transaction the explanation of the other side will very likely be unsatisfactory. Clear up the desk and rid the memory of half-forgotten and ill-defined encumbrances. Those who go clear-eyed into the future walk with the greatest certainty. If a thing has seemed impossible at the first moment, probabilities are certain to decrease after the period has passed during which the project was likely to develop into better conditions. It is easiest to bury the past that the future may be unencumbered, and at this season of the year particularly, it is well to close the newly-made though humble grave and to walk in the light of a glorious resurrection of some kind, but always having in mind the sweetest story ever told, that of Him who made Easter a day in history and showed us how to become the sons of God.

Rhodes, Rockefeller and Others of That ilk.

A New Conception of the Purpose and Potentiaity of Wealth Not Paralleled in History.

A MAN down in New York who believes or professes to believe he is able to read human destiny from the stars—at present the vogue of astrology and other old superstitions is something astonishing—has published a pamphlet in which he argues that the millennium is closer at hand than most of us, looking round on humanity in its feverish and disturbed condition, would be led to imagine. The gentleman bases his reasoning mainly on signs in the heavens, but largely on mundane indications. And amongst the latter, one upon which he lays especial stress, is the new conception men of great wealth are recently forming of the duties and responsibilities riches impose upon them. Arguing from such premises, and matching his chain of reasoning link by link with the mystical symbols of the zodiac, he professes to foresee a new social order arising before many years of this present century have passed by—an order in which practical socialism, the rule of enlightened altruism, shall be ushered in; but not by the red fires of revolution; not by the forcible despoiling of those who have property for the benefit of those who have not; but by the spread

of a new conception which shall lead the rich voluntarily to make use of their resources more and more for the uplifting and easement of their fellow mortals. And our writer points to the unparalleled gifts and bequests in recent years to the cause of popular education, of art, of science, and of entertainment as proof that the new light is already breaking over the horizon.

It is interesting and refreshing, if nothing more, to find someone—though he be but a star-gazing mystic—who sees only hopeful symptoms in the present painful contrasts of wealth and poverty, the sharp social unrest, and the universally disturbed condition of the world, commercially and politically. But it must be confessed by the man who has reflected upon the matter that there is something new and without parallel in the world's history in the attitude towards wealth that impelled Andrew Carnegie, for instance, to declare it a disgrace for a man to die rich; that has led the most grasping moneymakers, such as Stanford and Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan, to distribute their gains with the utmost largesse for educational and philanthropic purposes; and that drew a man like the late Cecil Rhodes to bestow his Fortunatus purse upon a political abstraction of the future, an academic scheme that may be visionary, but certainly is not selfish.

The amount of money given in the United States alone during the last ten years to education and philanthropy by the rich men commonly classified as "plutocrats," has never been equalled for such ends by any similar number of individuals or in any like period of time in the world's history. But it will be said that such fabulous individual fortunes as at present have also never been equalled in the world's history. Absolutely, this is doubtless the case, but relatively, it may be questioned whether the immense fortunes of to-day are greater in comparison to the general wealth of the world than the smaller fortunes of times past. Money has been amassed in enormous quantities in private coffers, but the gross wealth of the world has probably more than kept pace with the accumulations of any individual. And certainly no man can place his finger on any page of the world's past record exhibiting a parallel to the liberality of the great money lords of to-day. Surely it cannot be shame alone—the consciousness of ill-gotten gain—not yet alone the desire for applause, that impels these modern Midas to part company with such large "hunks" of treasure. There must be some other motive to account for a phenomenon of such unprecedented character and extent. It may well be that through the ancient crusts of selfishness and sordid greed with which the world is encased, through the struggle for commercial success and the fierce hunger for riches and the power that riches bring, there is emerging upon the conscience of men a new conception of the purpose and potentialities of wealth. Since the time of Christ it has been preached that property is a trust; but only now does the man who possesses property seem to be coming in some measure to the large, unhesitating practice of that doctrine. No past age could conceivably have produced an Andrew Carnegie, a Rockefeller, a Rhodes, nor yet a Pierpont Morgan.

If eventually socialism—call it that, call it the brotherhood of man, call it what you will—is to work down through the rich and powerful rather than up through the poor and struggling, it will be a strange prank of human destiny. The special danger lurking in the largesse of Dives is the pauperization of the partakers of his feasts—the special danger lurking in the elevation of Lazarus, on foundations of immemorial suffering and injustice, is the destruction of the whole social, political and commercial fabric, and, in the end, red anarchy. In either eventuality there is no immediate millennium in sight. But perhaps man's future is not bound up with a single alternative; and the years may open up for us an unexpected avenue away from both the infinitely humbling patronage of the plutocracy and infinitely destructive ascendancy of the proletariat.



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Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. T. P. Coffee and Miss Madeline Hughes took place on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock, at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Rev. Father Cruse officiating. The ceremony was witnessed by the family party only. Mr. Claude McDonell was best man, and Miss Florence Hughes, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's mother, at which family connections and intimate friends only were present, having been quite informally invited. The bride and groom received in the first drawing-room, where Mrs. Hughes, looking a very bright and kind invalid, was seated, and where the bridesmaids and a very attractive group of relatives gathered with best wishes. Mrs. Coffee wore a delicately pretty gown of white crepe de chine, with lace trimmings, and a charming white picture hat; her bouquet was of Bride roses and lily of the valley, and was, after her departure, sent to the mother of the groom, a loving and graceful attention to an invalid. A very handsome jewel, a coronation brooch, the gift of the groom, was, beside her own Irish beauty, the only ornament of the bride. We have had several handsome brides since Easter dawned, and not the least fair was Mrs. Coffee, who has always been greatly admired here. Miss Florence Hughes, the bridesmaid, also wore a pretty white gown of mouseline and lace, a smart white hat and a brooch of a pearl covered wedding bell in an enamelled wreath of maple leaves, the groom's gift. Her bouquet was of huge Marguerites. The wedding gifts were arranged in the second parlor, and were quite magnificent. Prominent among them was a huge repoussé silver epergne, from Mr. and Mrs. Stratton; three handsome silver tea services, a cabinet of silver, exquisite engraved salvers, a Sevres tea set, cut-glass and silver berry set, dozens of silver and gold spoons, a handsome silver soup set of ladle and spoons of the new round shape, half a dozen dainty painted "five o'clockers," lace pictures, and in fact everything that loving hearts and large purses could combine to present. Among the pleasant party who congratulated the bride and groom were Dr. and Mrs. Uzziel Ogden, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. James Merrick, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mr. Arthur Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. Harry O'Reilly of St. Catharines, Mrs. and Miss Helen Law, Miss Donagh, Mrs. J. J. Foy, Miss Taylor of Florsheim, Miss Ethelinda Hughes, Mr. Bernard Hughes and Mr. Vincent Hughes. Mr. and Mrs. Coffee left on the early afternoon train for their wedding trip, the bride going away in a dark blue cloth suit and pretty light hat, and being showered with many colored confetti by merry friends. I believe they will reside in Rosedale on their return.

The Argonauts' dance in the Pavilion last Friday was everything that good management, taste and skill could make it. The music was excellent, and the floor in first class order. The guests were mostly the young set, the patricesses being largely content with giving their names in the invitations, as only two or three fulfilled their obligations by an attendance at the dance. Miss Mowat came from Government House attended by Captain Straubenzie A.D.C. Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion also put in an appearance. Mrs. Greville-Harston was another patroness who was there on time and took an interest in the dance. The Pavilion was decorated in quite a new effect, the blues of the Argonauts being used to cover the facade of the balconies and form a false roof, from which a racing eight-oar shell was dexterously suspended. One little maiden who had evidently been a guest at last week's wedding on Wednesday, put some little silver horseshoes for good luck upon the festoons of light and dark blue which decorated her chosen rendezvous. Many good wishes were fervently uttered for the crew who are to carry Canada's leading racing colors on the placid waters at Henley; and incidentally others were also voiced for sundry of the young chaps who are to be members of Canada's next lot of fighters for the King in South Africa, and who were at the dance for probably their last terpsichorean caper for some time. About the ninth dance supper was served, the round table for the prominent ladies and their escorts and the tables for eight as usual being prettily set and decorated, and served with a very nice menu. The Argonauts certainly did their part of the contract to perfection, and although the attendance was not at all as large as it should have been, considering the circumstances, those who did go had a very delightful

The splendid concert on Monday evening did not attract as large an audience as it should have done, but it was the treat of the season to those who went. Josef Hofmann has developed into a grand player, one whom such an accomplished musician and critic as Rev. Sutherland Maclellan prefers to, or at all events sets beside. Paderevski, A wretched wet night, a huge rehearsal for the Grace Hospital benefit and several small affairs kept many from the Massey Hall, willing or not.

A very large number of friends called to bid bon voyage to Mrs. Cockburn on Monday, and were delighted to see Mrs. Tait, who, with her little daughter, came on from Montreal to see her parents before their departure for England. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn left on Thursday for New York, and sail to-day for London. They will return in August, and, I believe, go to Birch Point, their lovely Muskoka home, for September.

Anxious hearts were full of apprehension last Sunday in Toronto, for the word had come that the brunt of a tough fight in South Africa had been met by the Canadians and many a bright young fellow from hereabouts was in the battle. Mrs. Elmsley and Mrs. Law were two mothers whose friends sent them many thoughts, and Mrs. Schuch, also, whose son was one of the group whose praises the world's voice is sounding.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson celebrated the first anniversary of their marriage on Tuesday. Dr. James Patterson came over from Buffalo to-day for a brief holiday with his people. Mrs. Dickson Patterson has been quite a sufferer with an attack of quinsy this week.

Mr. Oscar Wenborne, whose lovely singing has been such a treat for several seasons, and who has made such a success under Dr. Ham's tuition, is leaving for a residence in Mexico. One of his last appearances in concert was last week, when he sang most sweetly at the closing entertainment of the Woman's Musical Club.

The stork has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler and a little daughter was the gift of the good bird.

Mrs. Ham expects her jolly brother, Mr. J. Knighton Chase, out from England on a visit the latter part of this

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month. Mr. Chase, who is out on long leave from his regiment in India, was here a year ago and made many friends.

Next Friday evening at eight o'clock the Allegro Music Club will meet at Craigleath.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper and Miss Tupper are on their way to England, having sailed this week on the Tunisian.

One of next week's weddings, which takes place on Wednesday, is that of Miss Annie Parsons and Mr. Burton Harris.

Mr. Vincent Hughes has gone to Montreal to reside.



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Social and Personal.

THE Horse Show can hold its own without military spectacle, vice-regal patronage or any extraneous fuss and feathers whatever. On Thursday afternoon the Armouries was the rendezvous of a very sporty and decidedly smart lot of people—splendid horses—one harness class easily exceeding any previous record. The men were there in crowds—the women, God bless 'em! brightened the gloom with many a smile and pretty conceit of gown and hat. They were violets, roses—glorious bunches of 'em, the most fetching of hats, the trimmest of tailor-mades—the fluffiest of ruffs and the daintiest of ribbons. On the front row was a jolly party from Holmstead, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, sweet Mrs. Ledyard, of Detroit, Mrs. Hay and Miss Annie Hendrie, pretty Miss Phyllis and gallant Major Hendrie—and even, I hear, Mr. Murray Hendrie, who has just returned from his journeys in the South. Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck and Colonel Gore were in an adjacent box. Mrs. Melvin Jones, Miss Eileen Melvin Jones, Mrs. Guthrie, Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Atkinson and Miss Temple were in the Llawhaden box. A cosy party of smart women—Mrs. Elmsley and her daughters and the happy-looking trio of girls from Derwent Lodge, Lady Thompson's daughters—were in a nice box on the third row. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait had an hour at the show opening with Major Cockburn, V.C. Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenelth and her daughters were in a nice box. Mr. and Mrs. Smallman and their son and daughter and Mrs. Campbell Reaves had a nice box east of the entrance on the first row. Mrs. Mann had Mrs. Hugh Sutherland of Winnipeg in the corner box, back of which were Lady Meredith, her daughters and Miss Thorburn, and in the next box, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr and several friends. Near them were Miss Janes and Miss Louie Janes. Mrs. Goodeham, of Waveney, Miss Goodeham and Mrs. Brouse. Mrs. and Miss Euchan were visitors to the show on opening day. Mrs. Charles Nelles was seated near them. Mrs. Willie Mulock and Miss Amy Laing were in Mr. Mulock's box. Mrs. Magann and Miss Muriel Church were in a box on the west side. Sweet Mrs. Beck wore a pretty cadet tailor-made suit and a flat hat wreathed with red flowers. Mrs. Sanford and her party drove over about four. They have the first choice box, a very nice one. Miss Gyp Armstrong and lovely Mrs. Ralston, of Port Hope, were prettily gowned at the opening. So were Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Miss Cawthra, and her guest Miss Greenwood. The genial big judge from Buffalo, Harry Hamlin, was non est—but that good horseman and entertaining raconteur, Mr. George Hulme, of New York, took his place. Mr. Hulme says he always gets his hair cut before he judges at a horse show, which is his funny way of stating his difficulty in pleasing everyone, and the penalty of not succeeding. The afternoon was very dull and gloomy, but a touch of color and attraction at the Show was given by the very smart and pretty decoration of that great blank wall opposite the boxes with myriads of pretty half-furled flags. The promenade is wider than ever before, and the bit stolen from the ring is of no moment to the enclosure, which is still amply wide for all show purposes. On Thursday afternoon the Body Guard Band furnished the music. The show, so fairly launched at time of writing, was sure of a brilliant success, and the festivities of the last three days have been both brilliant and delightful. The horses are admirable, so the judges tell me, and when the gloom of Thursday gave way to fine weather nothing more could be wished for.

Major Williams is, I am told, to be one of the officers for the new corps going to South Africa. Miss Williams left for England at five o'clock on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim and Miss Ethel Taylor returned from Nassau on Monday.

Miss Brouse has returned from New York. Mrs. and Miss Kay are spending some time at the Welland.

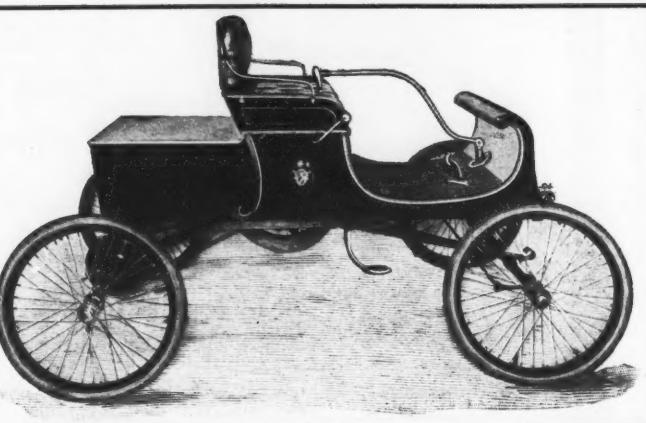
Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn sail to-day for England and Wiesbaden, and Mr. and Mrs. Tait were here from Montreal to bid them "bon voyage." I believe the Montreal visitors went home on Thursday.

A feature of the Coffee-Hughes wedding ceremony was the fine singing—a duet by Miss Gallagher and Mr. Schuch and an Ave Maria by Miss MacMahon being gems of harmony.

The final Monday of the Whist Club will be given at McConkey's on next Monday evening, when the Bachelor

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hosts that Miss Melvin-Jones has been unfortunate enough to sprain her ankle.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guelph are at Llawhaden for the Horse Show. I hear that Miss Melvin-Jones has been unfortunate enough to sprain her ankle.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Guelph are at Llawhaden for the Horse Show. I hear that Miss Melvin-Jones has been unfortunate enough to sprain her ankle.

Quite the most successful of the many bright and pleasant evenings enjoyed by Mrs. McIntyre at the Presbyterian Ladies' College was that enjoyed by nearly five hundred guests last week. Mrs. McIntyre received with her usual cordial and welcoming words, and the guests found everything most carefully arranged for their pleasure during the all too brief evening. The Principal wore a handsome gown of black brocade, and looked very well indeed; as one of her guests remarked, she always gives one the impression of a gracious hostess of a private menage, instead of, as she is, the head of one of Toronto's most important seminaries, and one of the most earnest and hard-worked of directors.

Miss Virginie Hugel is in town, at Mrs. Duckworth's. Mr. and Mrs. Allan Mackenzie of Montreal are staying with the Timmermans, in Sherbourne street. Mrs. Timmerman and Mrs. Mackenzie were the Misses Drinkwater of Montreal, and are much admired at the Horse Show.

Ottawa is soon to lose those most genial Irish people, General O'Grady-Haly and his popular wife. The general's term has been a veritable case of "rubber"—has extended and extended, month after month, at the request of the powers that be. Everyone likes the jolly Irishman. He has made the record of harmonious work with the Canadian Government, and leaves in a few weeks with every good word and wish from his Canadian friends. Lord Dundonald, who is to succeed him, is carefully heralded as duly recognizing Canadian claims on his respect and esteem.

Mrs. Lampert, who has been for some time with her daughter, Mrs. Fred Bendelari, in Cleveland, has returned home. Mrs. John Cawthra is home from the South. Mr. and Mrs. Kent of Kingston came to town for the Horse Show. They are at the Queen's. Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison and Mr. Frank McCarthy were the witnesses of the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leeds, late of London, Eng., and Mr. Frank McCarthy were the witnesses of the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Leeds left on the 4 o'clock train for their home in the North-West, a large number of friends being at the station to bid them farewell and offer them best wishes.

The engagement of Mrs. Bath and Mr. Henry Osborne of Clover Hill was announced a few days ago. Mrs. Bath is a charming woman, whose grace and cleverness have made her most admired in Toronto since her return from England, and Mr. Osborne is receiving hearty congratulations from his hosts of friends. I hear that Mr. Osborne (pere) has purchased Mr. Macpherson's bijou home in Crescent road for his son, Mr. Ewart Osborne.

Mr. William Burritt is to spend some time in Sudbury in connection with his nickel mining interests. I believe he left this week for the mining country.

The increase of baldness has been remarkable among our male beau monde of late years. I believe some of the bumps revealed have been recently covered with such a sudden growth that the barbers have been kept busy

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overtime. A mysterious gift was received by a smart and sporty member of society at the late festive season of a bottle of hair restorer, which he has vainly sought to acknowledge. The fact, however, is that some of the handsomest men in town are bald, and not worrying over it.

Mrs. Harry Duggan (nee Mumford) is on a visit to her father, Mr. Edward Mumford, in Montreal.

Captain and Mrs. Lesslie of Kingston are in town for the Horse Show. Major and Mrs. Ogilvie are also up for the same festive event. Mrs. FitzGibbon, who has been in Montreal and Quebec, and whose articles upon the art exhibit in Montreal were a journalistic success, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Reginald Thomas (nee Campbell of Carbrook) has returned to British Columbia. Miss Nina Clarkson is visiting friends in Hamilton.

Mrs. Johnstone, Miss Elizabeth King, Mr. Boland, Mrs. and Miss Wilkes of Thistledale and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis were among those who attended the wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Coffey on Tuesday.

Mr. R. E. Kingsford is now second police magistrate, duly appointed, and will take the place of the "Colonel" during his English trip.

Mrs. Harry Drummond of Huron street is the guest of Mrs. Charles Pinhey, in Ottawa. Mrs. B. B. Osler and Miss Ramsay sail for England next week.

A smart party from London, the Smallmans, are box-holders at the Horse Show. Mrs. John D. Hay has some of her relatives as guests, and a brilliant party from Holmstead is at the Queen's Hotel. The Arlington is full, and all the hotels are scenes of great bustle and jollity.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilmot FitzSimons are settled in their new home, 142 Roxborough street west, where Mrs. FitzSimons will receive on Fridays, the 18th and 25th of April.

The engagement of Dr. Arthur Small and Mrs. D. L. Barnes of Chicago was announced a few days ago.

Mr. George Higinbotham of Dupont street is engaged to Miss Hayward of St. Louis, and their wedding is fixed for June.

Miss Beswetherick and Miss Aggie Beswetherick of 198 Jarvis street left Toronto the second inst. for New York, sailing on the fifth for London on the steamship "Mesaba." These ladies hope to spend six months traveling in England, Ireland and Wales, and also to be present at the coronation. Their father accompanied them to the boat.

A very pretty wedding was quietly solemnized on March 22, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Meek, "Argyle Park." Ingerson, when their second daughter Minnetta, was married to Mr. William S. Hemphill of Winnipeg, formerly of Hamilton. The bride was becomingly attired in a very light gray French voile, and was attended by Miss Mary Proctor of Sarnia, and Mr. Edmund S. Meek was best man. The bride was the recipient of a great many costly presents from friends in Canada and the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Hemphill intend making their home in Winnipeg, and left for the West shortly after their marriage.

Mrs. W. H. Thorne of 66 East Bloom street is visiting in Chicago for a few weeks, and will not receive again until the third Monday in April.

Before leaving Toronto for England Mrs. D. B. Dick entertained a few friends to luncheon, and afterwards took them to the Princess Theater, where they enjoyed a good Irish play. The table decorations were a handsome center of pink and white silk and a large silver bowl of pink carnations and smilax. Those present were Mrs. D. B. Dick, Mrs. W. H. Thorne, Miss Norah Hillary, Mrs. Hillary, Miss Fly (Aurora), Mrs. Maria Clift (Winnipeg), and others.

It is gratifying to the friends of Miss Beatrice Monteith, formerly of Toronto, to hear that she has just been appointed superintendent of Brooklyn City Hospital. Since her graduation two years ago in that institution she has occupied the position of assistant superintendent and acting superintendent respectively. Her appointment is the result of merit, and is at the same time another creditable example of how Canadians are appreciated abroad.

Miss Nita Monteith of Deseronto, who returned from her six months' trip abroad in January, thoroughly restored to health, has been making flying visits to her numerous friends in Toronto. She is staying with Mrs. Brodie of Sherbourne street at present.

Captain Lafferty of Kingston has been spending some days in town. He came for the Argonauts' dance and remained over for the Horse Show.

Horse Show visitors have been much in evidence this week. From Ottawa, Montreal, Hamilton, London, Kingston, Buffalo and Detroit many well-known smart and sporty people came to attend the show.

Mrs. Clifton Cameron gave a pretty tea yesterday at her home in North Huron street. Mrs. Cameron has just returned from a pleasant visit of some months in England.

Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong and Miss Helen Armstrong have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David H. Macpherson at Bingley Lodge, in the County of Kent. Mrs. Armstrong has almost completely recovered from a bad attack of influenza, contracted whilst in London.

The engagement is announced of Miss L. Strong, eldest daughter of Captain C. T. Strong, to Mr. T. E. Hughes of Segroft, Denbighshire, North Wales. Miss Strong leaves early in May for England.

On Thursday evening, April 3, the Bachelors of Barrie gave a large dance in the Town Hall. For a couple of years this one-time popular ball has not been given, but this year the young men got together, with the result that the present dance was fully equal, if not superior, to any of its predecessors. The music was from Toronto, and was excellent. The decorations of the hall were extremely good, considering its unpromising character. The committee had arranged a dado of pink bunting three or four feet wide, festooned with white below a blue cornice; portières in Turkish designs of solid crimson and heavy green covered the high windows, reaching nearly to the floor.

Mrs. C. Taylor, Mrs. Charles Richardson, Miss Richardson, Miss Elsie Barron, Mrs. Winn, Miss Heward, Mrs. J. Peacock, Mr. E. R. Peacock, Mr. Joseph Walmsley, Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Miss Mildred Cumberland, Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Miss Davidson, Miss H. Cassels, Mrs. Holmstead, Mrs. and Miss Petrie, Dr. Larratt Smith, Miss Violet Smith of Toronto, Mrs. J. Flerty, Mrs. James Mathews, Dr. John J. Walsh of Buffalo, are registered at the Welland, St. Catharines. The many comforts of the bath, massage and rest cure are to be had in perfection at this hotel, and the best protection of Toronto is evidenced by such a list of sojourners as above.

Among the invited guests at Mrs. W. O. Forsyth's most delightful musicals at Home on Saturday afternoon last were Mrs. Price Brown, Mrs. W. H. B. Atkins, Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Mrs. Mc Gillivray Knowles, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Garratt, Mrs. Acton, Miss Littlehales, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Scheuer, Mrs. Cartwright, Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Mrs. Jean Blewett, Mrs. W. A. Young, Mrs. Torrington, Mrs. Humphrey, Mrs. F. J. Roche, Mrs. G. H. Needler, Mrs. Andrew Jeffrey, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. J. E. Starr, Miss Alkins, Miss Montgomery, Mrs. Lovell, Mrs. Vogt, Miss Shuttleworth, and many others. Mrs. Adele Strauss-Youngham sang several songs charmingly and a half-dozen ladies, the Misses Abbie May Helmer, Helen

the dodo, and were also looped across the doorways. The stage, covered with heavy sage-green rugs, with a high screen at the back and sides of Egyptian hangings, was very pretty. A huge draped Union Jack in the center of the background completed the effect.

The orchestra played behind a screen of palms on a dais at the other end of the room. The chandeliers were shaded with pink and canary yellow, with tiny Union Jacks hung in festoons, completing a tout ensemble which was truly rich.

An extremely good supper was served downstairs at long tables, artistically decorated in pink and canary, with palms down the centers. Some exceptionally pretty gowns were worn; among stylish wearers may be mentioned Mrs. Dickenson, in a handsome gown of brown Irish poplin, trimmed with rich passementerie; Mrs. Lount, a brown faille, trimmed with sequins; Mrs. Barwick, rich maroon silk, garnet ornaments; Mrs. Willie Campbell, white brocade silk, black and white trimmings on bodice; Mrs. Percy Vivien, Brussels point overdress over pink satin, with rose border; Miss Lount, white silk organdie, with lace insertions; Miss Grasett, black chiffon, trimmed with blue; Miss Campbell, blue organdie, with black fichu; Miss Williams, black satin; Miss Spry, gray taffeta, with deep lace bertha; Miss Holmes, in fawn and blue, and Miss Jennie Spry, in scarlet mousse-line de soie.

Special praise must be accorded to the committee, but especially to Mr. Joseph Seely, the honorary secretary, and to Mr. Vincent Meekin, whose artistic taste was manifest in the decorations.

Mr. and Mrs. Mather, who have been in Florida since the first of March, guests of Hotel Alcazar, St. Augustine, intend to spend a few weeks in Atlantic City, N.J., and New York before returning home.

Mr. Richard P. Stericker of East Orange, N.J., the well-known horse judge who has visited the Horse Show for the past eight years, and who has also been judge at the Exhibition, is one of the judges at this year's Horse Show. Mr. Stericker is the guest of Mr. Henry Wade, the secretary of the Horse Show.

One of the many Horse Show visitors in town this week is Mr. Ernest C. Colter of Buffalo, N.Y. Mr. Colter is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wade of St. Vincent street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robotham returned this week from England, where they have spent a delightful six months visiting Southsea, London and Southport for two months each. They are at the Arlington while house-hunting.

Mr. Ira Bates has just returned home after a winter's sojourn in California, and his friends were delighted to note his entire return to vigorous and bounding health.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade and Mr. T. K. Wade have moved from 123 College street, and are at the Elliott House.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Moore of Barrie attended the Bachelors' ball given there last Thursday eve. April 3. They were accompanied by Mrs. Moore's sister, Miss M. Josephine Ryan, of Guelph, who looked charming in a dainty dress of white organdie, with a pretty silk sash and marguerites. Mrs. Moore was becomingly gowned in white crepe de chine over yellow taffeta, with daffodils in her hair.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Score have issued invitations to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaret Score, and Mr. J. Edward Potts, son of the Rev. Dr. Potts. The ceremony takes place on Wednesday, April 23, at two o'clock in Elm Street Methodist Church.

Miss Mowat has promised her patronage for Mrs. Harrison's recital on the 15th, and Mayor Howland will preside. Mme. Strauss-Youngham will sing an artistic setting of Theophile Goulet's lyric, "Absence." Mr. Wyly Griset will contribute three songs. Mrs. H. W. Parker five and Mr. Oscar Wemborn two. Mrs. Harrison is a member (honoris causa) of the Irish Literary Society of London, England, where several of her songs have been published, a member of the Canadian Society of Authors and an honorary member of the Women's Historical Society. Her most ambitious work in musical sense was "A Song of Welcome," for chorus, solo tenor and orchestra, produced in Ottawa on the arrival of Lord Lansdowne, while an MS. opera, dedicated to Lord Lorne, libretto by Mr. J. D. Dixon, late of Lord Dufferin's household, has been drawn upon for the forthcoming concert.

The idea that the English bloodhound is a savage and particularly ferocious animal is set down by a writer in "Outing" as a very common error, in no small part due, perhaps, to the blood-thirsty stories most of us have read in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The hounds mentioned by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, however, as used in the Southern States, were cross-bred animals and related to the Cuban hound, with a blending of mastiff, bulldog and hound blood, and were quite savage, and have little, if any, resemblance to the English specimen. These dogs were first known in the West Indies in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when a number were imported, probably from Spain, for the purpose of suppressing the Maroon insurrection, but the natives were so inspired with terror at first sight of the animals that it was found unnecessary to make use of them. Until some fifty years ago bloodhounds were often used in England for tracking sheep-stealers, and also by keepers and herders in all the large forests where poachers gave trouble. Some idea may be had of the value of these dogs in such a cause when I say that they have been known in England to follow their quarry across water. There are many theories regarding how the scent is carried on the water, but the one most generally accepted is that it is held in the bubbles which remain on the surface of the water after the swimmer, or wader, has passed.

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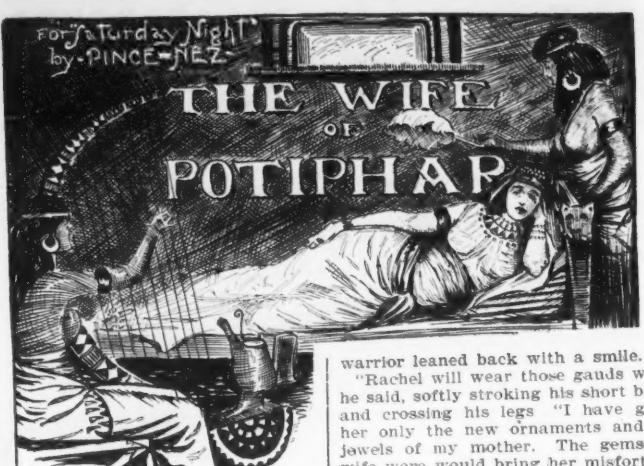
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THE country of the Nile was beautiful with verdure. The sky was a dream of light and changing glory; the long caravans of the merchants diverged toward the city of the Pharaohs, bearing purple cloth from Tyre, and rare gems and metal work from Damascus, and carved woods and perfumes from the Isles of the sea.

A train of dusky men and dusty camels loomed up in silhouette over a ridge, and for a few moments formed a huge picture against a fathomless horizon. On one of the camels was a quaint canopied erection with curtains of silk, and within the curtains sat uneasily a girl of some sixteen years. She had all the beauty of the young Semite, large soft dark eyes, an oval face, somewhat overfull lips of deep red, and nostrils sensitive and distended.

From time to time she plucked aside the curtains with a long slim hand and looked anxiously out. "God of Abraham, thy handmaid crieth unto thee!" she said softly in a voice broken with distress and strenuously pitched. "If help come not soon from above, may death release me!"

Two of the Egyptian traders looked up as some murmur of her vibrant tones reached them where they walked. "The Hebrew maid speaks," said the younger. The elder waved his hand. "I do not listen," he said, briefly.

"But she may be ill," suggested the younger, glancing at the parting of the curtains and the four small brown fingers. "Bring up the other captive who speaks her tongue and let him enquire," said the elder merchant.

The younger man stood still, and one by one the others passed him, cameis laden and men walking. Near the end of the line marched a beautiful boy just emerging into manhood. The young trader called to him kindly, and the youth came to his side.

"I fear for the health of the maiden," he said, briefly. "Come thou and question her."

The eyes of the youth flashed a proud glance at the trader, and then he drew away from him, and a certain far-away look, as of one who sees something enthralling in the distance, crept into his lately flashing eyes.

"The Jewish maiden travels to high honor. Wherefore should she sicken before it meets her? It is her mind that travails in fear of the birth of some new horror," he said, briefly. "The lamb cries for its dam, the young nestling for its mother and its nest. What need for questions? When the maid sits among the mighty ones in a strange land she will learn to forget her sorrow."

"You say wisely, boy," said the trader. "We hope to sell her for much gold to noble captain of Pharaoh's guard. He has lost his wife, and there is no war in progress. In times of peace warriors are prone to look upon such fair women."

The two had hastened and were now abreast of the silk-curtained canopy, which swayed to the rolling gait of the camel.

"Speak to the maid," commanded the trader.

"Daughter of my people, is all well with thee?" called the youth, his young cheek reddening as he obeyed. The curtains parted.

"Art thou, too, a Hebrew?" cried the girl with amazement and delight in every tone. "I am, and, like thee, a captive, foully sold into bondage by my brethren," said the youth, with deep, hoarse anger.

"Alas! then can you tell what is to be our fate?" asked the girl with great tears in her eyes.

"Slavery for me, for the high honor, riches, luxury, and the captain of Pharaoh's Guard to be thy husband," said the youth, slowly and dreamily.

The Hebrew maiden looked at him in staring dismay.

"What have you said to her?" asked the trader, jogging the arm of the youth. Again the proud eyes flashed, and again grew quickly calm and gentle.

"I have told her that she is to be the wife of the captain of Pharaoh's Guard, and she liketh not my saying," he said, meekly.

The trader laughed. "She liketh not," he said scornfully, quoting the youth. "When she seeth Potiphar she will fall at his feet. That is our finest and wisest warrior. Tell her what I say." The youth obeyed.

"But I am a Hebrew, and may not mate with a heathen and idolatrous man," gasped the girl wildly.

The youth sighed. "The hand of our God be upon thee," he said, and fell back to his place in the rear.

The captain of the Guard sat in his chamber and sorted upon a beautiful carved stand a heap of exquisite gems. There were ear-rings, nose-rings, armlets and anklets, long pearl-shaped pearls, strings of round pearls, rings set with great royal rubies, and emeralds deeply and gloriously green. He suddenly sat up and snatched his palms together, and a Nubian parted a curtain and came in.

"Take these gifts to the Hebrew maiden, and bid her women prepare her for my coming," said the warrior, pushing aside a heap of jingling, flashing ornaments. The Nubian gathered an end of his scarlet sash and carefully placed the selected jewels within the improvised bag. Then, speechless, he backed out between the curtains. The

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Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you, anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

Simply state name of your dealer, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 23, Racine, Wis.

my people of me? That I was true? And then, before the overseer could anticipate her movement or guard her from herself, she threw herself into the arms, clinging about him and sobbing "Farewell!"

There was a burst of song from the heathen, a cry from the maidens, the overseer wrenched the thin, clinging fingers from his neck and tried to tear them from his rich garment. They had a vice-like, frantic grip.

There was a rush of the maidens, a tramp of a heavy foot beyond the curtain; in vain the overseer whispered, "The captain of the Guard is here."

With one frenzied wrench he slipped from the gorgeous robe and dashed through the inner entrance, just as the maidens scurried laughing down the stone steps to claim their reward, and the parted curtains gave admission to the captain of the Guard.

The girl stood in the center of the chamber, her face white and drawn, in her hands the brilliant robe of the overseer, in her eyes a horror unspeakable. The captain of the Guard advanced with a quick glance about him. "He was here?" he said. "This is his robe?"

The girl suddenly dropped it with a faint cry. She began to see horror and danger ahead.

"You are not hurt?" said the captain of the Guard, gently, touching her shoulder. She shook her head. Then he turned to the maidens.

"Go to the dance!" he said, sternly, "and send me here four of my soldiers who wait without."

The moment the curtain fell the Hebrew girl awoke from her trance of terror. In few and stumbling Egyptian phrases she tried to tell the truth, asking for swift death, and handing her pitiful little dagger to the captain of the Guard. He pushed it aside.

"Peace, girl," he cried shortly. "This is a pleasant and joyous home-coming!"

Then, as the soldiers noiselessly entered, he said grimly: "Take this robe to him who was overseer. 'Tis well he fled before I entered to slay him; 'tis better that the maiden is brave and strong; but 'tis best of all that the Hebrew be safely put away, so that he affright not lesser woman as he hath stricken

A Fight On

When You Tell People to Quit Coffee.

"At least 75 people among my acquaintances have been helped or cured by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee in its place," writes a little woman from Independence, Ia. "I will mention one case. Miss Cora — learned she was suffering from nervousness and constipation, and went to call on her. Found her in bed, and she looked like a living skeleton, so wild and haggard that I feared for her reason."

"I asked Cora if she was improving any. She said not, but was gradually growing worse. The doctor was coming twice a day and giving her a powerful nervine. She said: 'I am so miserable that I tell you privately if I don't get better soon I will end it all myself some day.' I told her not to talk that way, for I believed it was something she ate or drank that caused the trouble and she might get well by making a change in her diet. I told her my own experience in leaving off coffee when I was in almost as bad a shape as she, but as soon as I mentioned coffee I had a fight on my hands, for she insisted that coffee helped her and her mother backed her in it, saying that it was 'the only thing she did enjoy,' and 'she did not like coffee hurt anyone.'

"I talked with them a long time and finally got Cora to agree to let me make a cup of Postum Food Coffee for her supper. She was surprised that it was so good. Said she 'had heard it was terrible wishy-washy stuff.' I told her it was because they did not follow directions in boiling it enough. She promised to use it faithfully for two or three weeks, and if she was not better I would admit that I was wrong.

"I went to see her again in about ten days, and Cora met me at the door with a smile and said: 'Ada, your Doctor Postum is the best doctor of them all. I can sleep all night, can eat heartily, and am growing stronger every day. Ma and all the rest of us use Postum now in place of coffee.'

"The facts are the girl was being actually poisoned to death by coffee. Cora has since married and has a happy home, and you may depend upon it no coffee is allowed to enter there."

"Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Is there no escape for me?" she asked in trembling tones. "Must it be either the knife or the marriage-bed of the idolator?" The overseer started violently.

"I have said it, and I am not afraid," said the girl, her great eyes darkening and her nostrils rounding tensely.

The overseer paused a moment. "There is no escape," he said slowly.

The girl gave a small, stifled groan. "It will not be so very bad," she said, quivering. "Just a little pain, and safety, and thou, some day, will tell

with terror the bride of your captain. Therefore, lay him safe in the prison, and your lives be forfeit if he befall him without my word! Do all quickly and quietly, so that the rejoicing be not interrupted."

The soldiers gathered up the rich robe and retired, and the captain of the Guard turned to the Hebrew maiden. "Come, let us go to the feast," he said simply. But she made no response.

She looked blankly at him one instant with a curious furrow across her brow and an audible sucking in of her breath. Then she swayed and fell. When he lifted her up very gently but without concern, only the little golden hilt of the dagger showed outside the pinched-in drapery just below her left breast. The blade was piercing the point of her startled heart!

The wailing and chanting of passing mourners pierced the dungeon window-place, where the overseer sat with his head in his hands. "What is the wailing?" he asked his jailer. "They mourn the dead, that was to have been the bride of Potiphar, the warrior whom thou hast angered," said the jailer. "When did death deliver the maid?" cried the prisoner.

"At the very hour of thy coming here," replied the jailer. Then he stared with amaze, for the prisoner leapt to his feet, his despair vanishing like a cloud.

"Praise and glory and honor and power to Jehovah, the God of my fathers!" he said, reverently, in Hebrew, and with fixed eyes he stood as if he saw a bright vision. The jailer shook his head and went softly to his place. "The Hebrew hath eyes that see the unseen," he muttered. "His God is near him. I who worship Isis, Osiris and the gods of the Egyptians cannot comprehend him."

The years were many and the captain of the Guard and the jailer had gone to their long home before the Hebrew captive was free, but never once did a darkness cloud his face again such as was upon it during the first hours of his captivity, before he knew that the wife of Potiphar had sealed her faith with her heart's blood.

There remains the cooking. To-day cooking, with its incidentals, is a very serious business; the coaling, the ashes, the horrible moments of heat, the hot, black things to handle, the silly, vague recipes, the want of neat apparatus. One always imagines a cook working with a crimsoned face and bare, blackened arms. But with a neat little range, heated by electricity and provided with thermometers, with absolutely controllable temperatures and proper heat screens, cooking might very easily be made a pleasant amusement for intelligent invalid ladies. Which reminds one, by-the-by, as an added detail to our previous sketch of the scenery of the days to come, that there will be no chimneys at all to the house of the future of this type, except the flue for the kitchen chimney. This will not only abolish the chimney stack, but make the roof a clean and pleasant addition to the garden spaces of the home.

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through daily. All that will cease. Every bedroom will have its own bath-dressing-room, which any well-bred person will be intelligent and considerate enough to use and leave without the slightest disarrangement. This, so far as "upstairs" goes, really only leaves bed-making to be done, and a bed does not take five minutes to make. Downstairs a vast amount of needless labor at present arises out of table-wear. "Washing up" consists of a tedious cleansing and wiping of each table utensil in turn, whereas it should be possible to immerse all dirty table wear in a suitable solvent for a few minutes and then run that off for the articles to dry. The application of soaps to window cleaning, also, would be a possible thing but for the primitive construction of our windows, which prevents anything but a painful rub, rub, rub, with the leather. A friend of mine, in domestic service, tells me that this rubbing is to get the window dry, and this seems to be the general impression, but I think it incorrect. The water is not an adequate solvent, and enough cannot be used under existing conditions. Consequently, if the window is cleaned and left wet, it dries in drops, and these drops contain dirt in solution which remain as spots. But water containing a suitable solvent could quite simply be made to run down a window for a few minutes from pin-holes in a pipe above into a groove below, and this could be followed by pure rain water for an equal time, and in this way the whole window cleaning in the house could, I imagine, be reduced to the business of turning on a tap.

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Epigrams From New Books.

Slander is the crime of saying what other people think.—"The Giant's Gate."

The things men inherit are mostly owing to them; they must grow their own wings.—"In White and Black."

Those who have real merit are the last ones to see it in themselves and the first to see it in others.—"Josh Billings' Altimax."

There's times when the divile's a saint to what a man is, an' times when a saint might wink at the divile, friendly like, out av remembrance of the ould days.—"Patricia of the Hills."

Men are singularly unoriginal when they make love or pray. Women and the Deity have been perpetually hearing the same thing from the beginning of speech.—"The Story of Eden."

Every woman who loves a man and is anxious about him is sure that if she can be alone with him for a moment he will tell her the truth about his condition. The experience of thousands of years has not taught women that if there is one person in the world from whom a man will try to conceal his ills and aches, it is the woman he loves.—"Marietta."

Consider, for instance, the wanton disregard of avoidable toil displayed in building houses with a service basement without lifts! Then, most dusting and sweeping would be quite avoidable if houses were well-constructed. It is the lack of proper warming appliances which necessitates a vast amount of coal carrying and dirt distribution, and it is this dirt mainly that has so painfully to be removed again.

The house of the future will probably be warmed in its walls from some power-generating station, as, indeed, already very many houses are lighted at the present day. The lack of same methods of ventilation also enhances the general dirtiness and dustiness of the present-day home, and gas lighting and the use of tarnishable metals, wherever possible, involve further labor. But air will enter the house of the future through proper tubes in the walls, which will warm it and capture its dust, and it will be spun out again by a simple mechanism. And by simple devices such as sweeping as still remains necessary can be enormously lightened.

The fact that in existing homes the skirting meets the floor at right angles makes sweeping about twice as troublesome as it will be when people have the sense and ability to round off the angle between wall and door.

So one great lump of the servant's toll will practically disappear. Two others are already disappearing. In many houses there are still the offensive duties of filling lamps and blacking boots to be done. Our coming house, however, will have no lamps to fill, and, as for the boots, really intelligent people will feel the essential ugliness of wearing the evidence of constant manual toll upon their persons. They will wear soots of shoes and boots that can be cleaned by wiping in a minute or so. Take now the bedroom work. The lack of ingenuity in sanitary fittings at present forbids the obvious convenience of hot and cold water supply to the bedroom, and there is a mighty fetching and carrying of water and slops to be got

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are therefore pure
and wholesome as
well as mellow and
delicious.
His Thirteenth Question.
Little Clarence (with a rising inflection)—Pa?
Mr. Callipers (wearily)—Uh?
Little Clarence—Pa, how do angels
get their night-gowns on over their
wings?—Judge.

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Curious Bits of News.

All princes are not drones. Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria recently performed his four-thousandth operation for cataract at his clinic in Munich. His wife acted as his assistant.

The English stockholders in Marconi's wireless telegraph company value the inventor's life so highly at this critical period of his experimentation that they have had him insured for \$750,000.

The sale of oleomargarine in the United States is increasing rapidly, and one of the causes of the growing sales is said to be the large amount of free advertising that it has received from the debates in Congress and the State legislatures and the newspapers, in consequence of the efforts made to suppress it.

A much-valued distinction has been conferred upon the proprietors of a large cigar factory at Havana. The firm have received an order from England to furnish the cigars for the royal banquet which is to be held after the coronation of King Edward. The order includes three sizes and amounts to several thousand cigars. A unique feature is that there is no stipulation whatever as to the price, this matter being left entirely to the judgment of the manufacturers.

Court etiquette and religious scruples have had an amusing tussle at The Hague. The trouble arose when the daughters of Dr. Kuyper, the Premier, were invited to the first court ball of the season. Low-necked dresses were commanded, but the Misses Kuyper decided that decollete dresses were inconsistent with their religious principles. They applied for a dispensation, but received a curt reply from the mistress of the ceremonies, who declared that time-honored customs of the Dutch court must be adhered to. Dr. Kuyper made direct representations on the subject to Queen Wilhelmina, with the result that a compromise was arranged. The Misses Kuyper will stay away from the ball, but will take tea with their sovereign in high-necked dresses the same afternoon.

The "Tailor and Cutter," which has been accustomed to describe Joseph Chamberlain as the pink of fashion, has this to say of the Colonial Secretary in a recent issue: "We are sorry to note that Mr. Chamberlain is developing quite a stoop, and fear he is losing some of his old-time smartness. It is true that his monocle is still in its old place, but we miss the familiar orchid, and, as we have examined his garments, we could not but fear that conservatism was sadly apparent, for there was much in them that was not up to date." Mr. Chamberlain's coat lapels, says the "Tailor and Cutter," are plain, heavy, and disfigured by a long, gaping breast-pocket, like some ugly wound, calling for assistance. The washing vest of Mr. Chamberlain, the paper adds, was quite out of harmony with his coat, while his trousers were wide and unshapely.

His Thirteenth Question.

Little Clarence (with a rising inflection)—Pa?
Mr. Callipers (wearily)—Uh?
Little Clarence—Pa, how do angels
get their night-gowns on over their
wings?—Judge.

His Non-Progressiveness.

Farmer Dunk—That 'ere hired man
of yours is pretty slow, ain't he, Ezry?
Farmer Hornbeak—Yuss. He's too
gol-vummmed slow to make a successful
ball-pearer.—Judge."

Deprecatory.

Manager—I can't pay salaries this
week. Actor—But I must live! Manager—Oh, now, don't get bull-headed—
"Life."

Miss Pomade—Where is the paint department,
please? Floor Walker—Face or house?—Chicago "Daily News."

"Have the letters been duly examined
by the hand-writing expert?" "Yes,
your honor." "Very well, let the hand-
writing expert now be examined by
the insanity expert"—"Ohio State
Journal."

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It is a short road to trouble when the
food does not supply the right material
to rebuild the brain. You cannot use
the brain without breaking down small
particles every day, and you cannot
rebuild unless the food furnishes the
right kind of building material, and
that is albumen and phosphate of potash.
Not such as you get from the
druggist, but such as Nature stores in
certain kinds of food.

Grape-Nuts contains these particles
and well-defined results can be ob-
tained from using the toothsome, deli-
cious food.

A brain worker whose name can be
given by the Postum Company, Battle
Creek, Mich., writes: "Last fall I got
in a desperate condition through ex-
cessive mental work and lack of proper
food. I was finally compelled to aban-
don all business and seek absolute
quiet and rest in the country."

"I had been under the care of a good
physician for several months, but I
seemed my food did not rebuild the
brain tissue properly. I was on the
verge of despair when I left for the
country."

"Down at the ferry I purchased an
evening 'Journal,' and my attention
was attracted to the headlines of a
Grape-Nuts advertisement which read,
'Food Cure Nature's Way.' I read it
carefully and decided to give Grape-
Nuts a trial, so next morning I went
in on the new food and in two weeks'
time gained 10 pounds, and felt like a
man all over."

"I candidly believe if I had known
the remarkable sustaining power of
the food prior to my illness I would
not have needed a physician nor would
I have been sick at all."

Hard to Please.



"De ide-e! Dat new preacher er prayin' fur rain—an' me, wife uv one ob de deacons, too, wid all dese close ter dry!"

Elquent Speakers.

The Difference Between Oratory and Declamation.

ORATORY, like clothes, has its fashions, says the New York "Evening Post." Like clothes, it has its limitations, it kinds and degrees. There is the oratory of Greece and Rome, and there is the oratory of the stump in America. Demosthenes was an orator, and so, perhaps, was Cicero. But so also were Henry Clay and Sergeant Prentiss. The music of the voice, whether in song or speech, will never cease or fail to exercise power and charm. The trumpet note will arouse. The flute note will soothe and please. One might as well predict that the time will come when the world, grown a-weary of the hollow mockery of the stage, and so educated in a knowledge of the things behind the scenes as to be no longer susceptible to their illusions, will therefore go no more to the theater for amusement, as predict that a voice possessing the flute note, or the trumpet note, or both, and appealing to the multitude in living thoughts and burning words, expressive of the soul of the hour, will not command the same submission which waited upon the utterances of Pericles and Patrick Henry, of Chatham and O'Connell.

Jenny Lind had the flute note in song. Many Anderson had the trumpet note in speech. Breckinridge of Kentucky has a voice of such liquid silver that it is a delight to hear it. Bourke Cochran, on the other hand, has the trumpet note, as potent now as in the days gone by, if, as in days gone by, some question should come to the front in reality to try men's souls. Mr. Curtis could speak, certainly, and very gracefully and well, as, indeed, very gracefully and very well he did every thing he attempted. But he was not an orator, as Conkling was. Conkling was a born actor. Curtis merely thought he was. Though acting is not oratory, nor oratory acting, there is a streak of the historic in all oratory that is long sustained and effective. Clay understood this. Conkling understood it. They prepared their great passages, as all great orators must do, and do; but they brought to the occasion of its delivery the spontaneity of feeling which inspired the original conception.

This, indeed, constitutes the difference between oratory and declamation. The one is eloquence, rhetoric, thought a-flame, and coked, to be used, like champagne, sparkling as it were bursting from some hidden spring by the mountain-side. The other is merely words by rote, dull and turgid, no matter how resonantly delivered. We call Webster an orator, and so he was—on the printed page, our greatest—and Webster reduced everything to writing. Senator Hoar has shown us the difference between some of his utterances according to the stenographer's report and the after-revision. It is likely that the after-revision was Webster's original matter, and that, not having accurately committed this, his actual spoken words marked the difference as shown by the stenographer's notes. It is commonly thought that Mr. Clay wrote nothing in advance. But in Louisville can be found the manuscript of one of his greatest speeches in his own handwriting, and—still in his own handwriting—the "cheers" and "applause" duly interlined!

Young speakers should not be misled by the pretensions that the great orators got their great speeches by magic, by the inspiration of the moment, and that they did not carefully prepare them. Trope and figures do not instantaneously shape themselves in the mind, build themselves out of nothing into the noble and completed verbal architecture, which appalls us hardly less by its magnitude than its complexity and finished beauty. The difference between the orator and the declaimer—both being rhetoricians—is that the orator is able through his temperamental forces to reproduce before an audience the same emotions that filled him when he put pen to paper; the declaimer can only learn them by heart, as the saying is, and repeat them parrot-like from memory.

The art of printing has indeed made many revolutions in human annals and affairs, and the world we live in is educated to a very high pitch of intelligence. Bombast is seen at once, and dismissed with a shrug, if not with livelier demonstrations of disbelief. Cheap imagery, clap-trap passion, boorish sentiment, posing, bungling, and insincerity affront the sensible, cultivated men and women, who make up the audiences in the centers of civilization, or anywhere near the centers. But eloquence—the eloquence of truth, clothed in simple raiment—the eloquence of feeling, well-read, and well-bred, but yet natural and direct—is as potent now as ever it was.

Success in a public speaker is referable to three primary conditions: first, that he be heard; second, that he be understood; and, lastly—which, indeed, is firstly—that he be in dead earnest full of his subject, and able to present it with fullness and force. He must keep his head cool, his feet warm, and learn to think standing. Within these

Nor has any woman novelist created any character that is generally recognized as typical. George Eliot has come closest with her Tito Melema and

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• TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. •

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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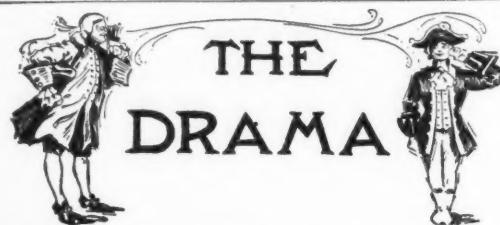
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NO. 22.



M R. HENRY MILLER, who began his stage career in Toronto back in '79, but had never played here as a star until this week, has long been known to readers of dramatic news as a matinee favorite in New York and other United States cities. Now, many things go to the making of a matinee favorite—one of the chief of which is good looks, sometimes without any substantial historic talents behind them. Mr. Henry Miller has his full share of physical comeliness, but, in addition, as perhaps few of us were prepared to discover, he has also beneath his reputation a solid foundation of genuine ability and thorough cultivation as a comedian. "D'Arcy of the Guards," in which Mr. Miller and his excellent company have delighted their auditors at the Princess Theater this week, can be called, without danger of over-praise, the most delightful comedy that has appeared at that theater during the season. And the eulogy will apply not only to the play as a piece of dramatic writing, but also to the performance as an example of skilled acting. It is seldom that such unqualified commendation can be bestowed on the work of both a dramatist and his interpreters; and therefore it is all the more to be regretted that, by some mischance, the notices in Tuesday morning's papers utterly failed to do the performance justice. Though the later editions of that day accorded more just and generous treatment to the piece, many persons may have been restrained from patronizing Mr. Miller by the faint praise with which the first news paper notices had damned him. If there be any such, it can only be said that their abstention has been to their own loss.

"D'Arcy of the Guards" is by Louis Evans Shipman, and though it deals with the American Revolutionary War, the action taking place during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, that terrible winter that Washington's dwindling forces were pent at Valley Forge, there is nothing narrow and provincial in the spirit of the play, nothing to offend an audience of pro-British proclivities nor to carry favor with the prejudice of the Anglophobes of the United States. In fact, Mr. Shipman has been just—perhaps more than just—to the British cause as represented by the soldiers who served it, and who, in his play, with the exception of a couple of Hessian mercenaries, are represented as chivalrous fighters and gentlemen. A principal virtue of the play is that it abstains from rousing old antagonisms by any of the cheap and tawdry arts of the jingo, and indeed fulfills one's inherent propensity to take sides by concentrating the interest upon the virtues of both the opposing parties. Such a temper and so true an eye for historical proportion are seldom met with in a play written by a dramatist for his own compatriots and to embody the spirit of a critical struggle in the history of their common country.

Of all the new historical plays produced here this season, with the possible exception of "The Hon. John Grigsby," Mr. Shipman's comedy is the only one that has an atmosphere distinct from that of our own day—an atmosphere that one can feel pervading the theater, animating the actors, and lending to the whole piece the distinction and charm that belong to some fine old portraits in oils. A large part of this atmosphere is derived from the scrupulous mounting Mr. Miller has given his production—antique furniture, polished floors, the true fashions of the period in uniforms, gowns, wigs, everything—but a great deal of it is also inherent in Mr. Shipman's writing, in the types of character he has pictured, the situations he has concocted and the dialogue he has furnished. There are four or five characters that one will never forget: first of all, Captain D'Arcy himself, a rollicking Irish officer, with a fine brogue suggesting strong racial characteristics refined by education and companionships. Then there is Captain Gregory, his bosom friend, a blunt, soldierly fellow, older in years than D'Arcy, and inclined to counsel the latter's inexperience, but true as steel to the younger man under a mask of bantering reproach. Colonel Sir Edward Jennison, the merry but authoritative commanding officer; Pamela Townshend, the high-spirited, generous natured little rebel girl, and Sambo, a devoted negro butler, are other distinctly pictured personages who will live in one's memory.

There are some fine situations in the play. The drinking scene in the third act, where Colonel Jennison and his officers meet over the punch-bowl and their "churchwardens" to take counsel of war, is a picturesque conception and a consummate piece of stage management. Most dramatic is the subsequent episode, in which Pamela Townshend, having become possessed of the strategy of the British, attempts to set out for Valley Forge to warn her countrymen, and prevented by Captain D'Arcy, shoots him, while black Sambo looks in at the window and disappears—presumably to discharge the mission in which his mistress has failed.

Mr. Miller has a superb gift of humor, and it is nonsensical to say that he descends or even approaches to the level of farce. Mr. Arthur Elliot as Colonel Jennison drew a bold and captivating picture of the ideal British military officer of the eighteenth century. Mr. Otis Turner as Sambo and Mr. Walter Allen as Captain Gregory were

also most efficient. But next to Mr. Miller, the bright particular star of the performance was Miss Florence Rockwell, a beautiful and suave little woman, with a magnetic voice, and possessed of genuine power in emotional passages. As Pamela Townshend, something of a spitfire, who stamps her little foot most charmingly, and can both hate and love at the same moment, Miss Rockwell means much to the success of the performance. The gentleman who, in the drinking scene, leads in the singing of "Sally in Our Alley" deserves a word of praise for his voice and for the naturalness with which he manages the whole incident.

"Brother Officers" at Shea's this week is one of the best productions seen yet at the Yonge street theater. As the title would suggest, the play is of a military nature, and deals with the story of a man, John Hinds, who has risen from the ranks, and who makes his debut as an officer and "gentleman" shortly after the rise of the curtain. The piece is in three acts and is very cleverly written, abounding in witty lines and well turned speeches. It tells how John Hinds, V.C., having, when in the rank and file, saved the life of an officer, Lieutenant Pleydell, rises in the world and becomes an officer in Pleydell's regiment, and how later he saves Pleydell's reputation and helps him marry the girl whom he (Hinds) has learned to love. Mr. Harrington B. Reynolds reappears as John Hinds, and his work left nothing to be desired. His representation of the man who has risen from the ranks and is making his first appearance in the society of people whom he has always looked on as superiors, is a capital piece of acting. The whole company appears to be suited to the parts in which they are cast, and the production is good in every particular.

"Sporting Life" is the name of the play running at the Grand this week, and the piece is all the name suggests. It takes five acts, presenting altogether eleven scenes, a murder, a boxing contest, and several horse races, to tell the tale of the fortunes, or misfortunes, of John, Earl of Woodstock, and his lady love "of 'umble birth," Nora Cavanaugh. The play is an English melodrama which has had long runs in London and Chicago, and though a very excellent piece of its kind, would probably be much more acceptable to the patrons of the Toronto than of the Grand.

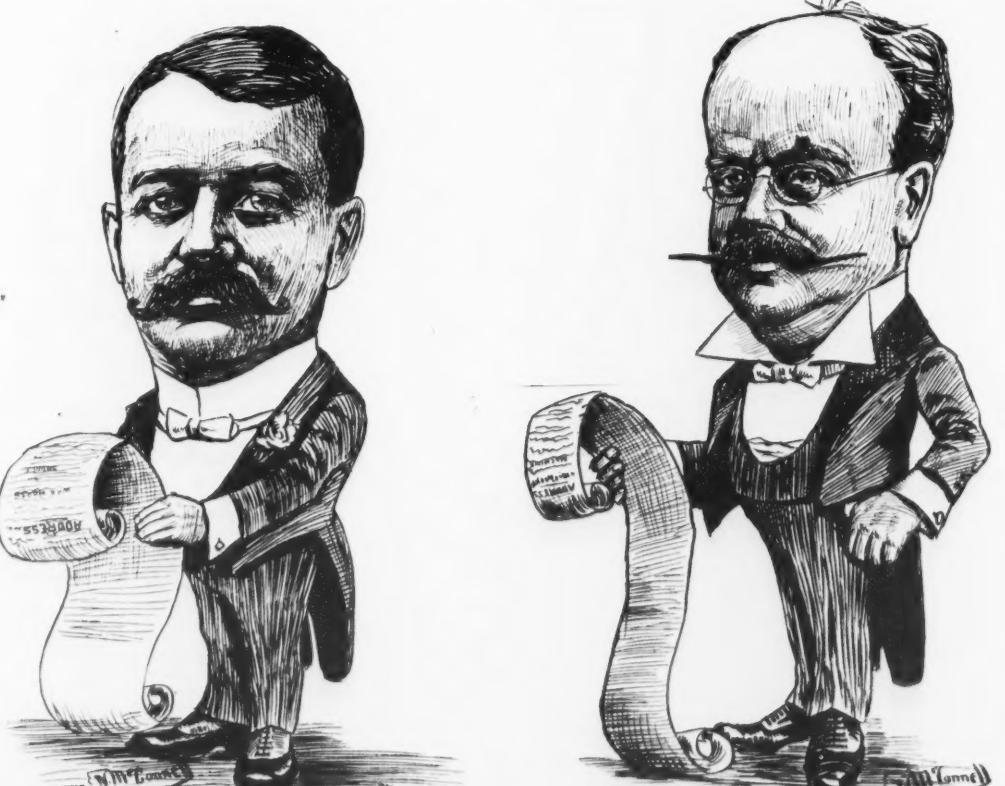
LANCE.

Denman Thompson's latest play, "Our New Minister," comes to Toronto on Monday next for its first local presentation. Mr. Thompson's plays are among the most truthful of all productions of the rural drama, and at the same time they give an encouraging view of the world. There is sorrow in them, but no pessimism. "Uncle" Denman has not lived in vain. The world has been made a better and happier place for many because he has shown us that sweet, wholesome plays may at the same time be of absorbing interest. Who does not remember the gentle, good-natured deacon in "Josh Whitecomb," who penetrated a tenement to pray by the side of a dying woman, and who rose from his knees to throw a drunken brute out of a window, and directly resumed his kneeling posture to finish his invocation? Mr. Thompson's latest effort, "Our New Minister," is pronounced by the Buffalo press as a better play than "The Old Homestead," and better praise than that can hardly be looked for.

"Men and Women," which will be produced at Shea's Theater next week, is nearer to a melodrama than anything the Shea Stock Company has yet offered. "Men and Women" is a combined effort of De Mille and Belasco and is full of human interest, strength and vitality. It depicts the life of speculators, men who seek to gain by a single stroke fortunes in that greatest of all gambling resorts, Wall street. William Prescott is a young cashier, yielding to crime to continue his plumping in the stock market. A character not entirely unknown in large cities is Israel Cohen, a noble Jew, an honorable man. Then there is Governor Rodman, a self-made man, and his daughter, Agnes, a sweet, true young woman. Two other notable characters are Dora and her lover, young Seabury, who is accused of a crime of which he is innocent, through the moral cowardice of his friend, Colonel Kip, an ex-member of Congress, furnishes the comedy of the play. The Colonel is a great admirer of Mrs. Kate Delafield, who has a stepson, Sam, who is smitten with Margery, a young Western girl. Probably the strongest scene of the piece is a midnight meeting of bank directors, which takes place at the home of Israel Cohen. Almost every strong emotion known to humanity is brought into play during this intense act—love, hate, jealousy, revenge, remorse, pity, charity and mercy. Fortunately the play ends happily, and with the exception of the third act just mentioned, is full of light and shade—more laughter than tears. The ball given by Mrs. Delafield during the second act affords the ladies an opportunity of wearing some handsome costumes. As usual with the Shea Stock Company, all the scenery will be entirely new, and a striking feature of the scene at the Cohen home is a stained glass window, with the likeness of the Saviour and the Magdalene. There will be the usual matinees, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Commencing on Monday, 14th inst., for three nights with matinee on Wednesday, there will be presented at the Princess Theater the delightful comedy-drama "Oliver Twist," the dramatized version of Charles Dickens' immortal work. The cast presenting it is a strong one under

"AS WISE AS SERPENTS AND AS HARMLESS AS DOVES."



President H. M. Mowat of the Toronto Liberals and President Stephen Burns of the Conservatives.

Notes From the Capital

Last Week's Great Wedding.—Stately Ball at Government House.—Foreign Consuls and Canadian Military Officers in Evidence.—Mrs. R. L. Borden's Reception.

THE Governor-General and the Countess of Minto honored Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Blair by attending the marriage of their daughter, and their presence, though only at the ceremony in the church, added much eclat to the event. Miss Blair was not favored by the clerk of the weather—the day was one of those bleak, grey days which find their way into the sunniest of springs. It had been snowing the previous day, and early that morning there were snow flurries, so that the smart gowns were hidden from the crowd that gathered outside the church by heavy cloaks and wraps. The Countess of Minto wore a long crimson tight-fitting ulster of cloth edged with beaver, and a toque of the same shade of cloth trimmed with beaver, and a white osprey. Under the gown one caught a glimpse of a light grey crepe gown. Even the bride came out of the church enveloped in a black silk cloak, which looked incongruous with the soft white crepe de chine of the gown, the white lace veil, and the orange blossoms. But what would you have? The day was cold. In the church the bride looked the sweetest of brides, and was very self-possessed. Her gown was accordian-pleated, tight and clinging until round the feet, when it flared out with the necessary fullness. Her bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley—such a pretty shower bouquet! It was a sombre wedding, inasmuch as all the members of the family wore black, or black and white, but it was also a pretty wedding. The bride's going-away gown was black. The short Eton coat of black velvet was embroidered in steel and opened over a blouse of white silk. Bunches of violets were fastened on her coat. The honeymoon trip was to New York and thereabouts, just where no one knew exactly. Among the presents, Mrs. Walter Clarke received there was a beautiful silver jewel casket from the Earl and Countess of Minto. Next week society will attend the wedding of Miss Ethel Gormully to Mr. Hugh Fleming.

Everybody expected the State Ball to be a very crowded affair, and it was no such thing. Even for dancing there were not too many people, and there were so many pleasant places to sit out dances in, that non-dancers found the ball delightful. Lady Minto thought of an excellent plan for adding space, and her plan is likely to be adopted at future balls at Government House. The long veranda which runs round two sides of the house was closed in, lighted with Chinese lanterns, and heated by gas stoves. The temperature was just pleasant, and the comfortable chairs and sofas arranged through this attractive corridor were seldom vacant. The Chinese lanterns filled it with a soft, luminous glow which was most conducive to quiet conversation, and those who came to sit out one dance generally returned to the ball-room to find that three or four were over. Eighteen hundred invitations were sent out for the ball, and twelve hundred acceptances were received. There were not more than seven hundred present, which shows that many persons answer a ball invitation without regard to the desire of the person who sends it to know whether or not they intend coming. Consequently supper was prepared for five hundred more people than were there. Supper was served in the Racquet Court and was a good one. In addition to the long table which went from one end of the room to the other, there were round tables seating twelve. At one of these Lord Minto and Lady Laurier, Lady Minto and Sir Wilfrid, with the State party, took supper. For the other guests small tables were arranged in the closed-in veranda outside the Racquet Court. Lady Minto wore the white satin gown she wore at the Opening of Parliament—a handsome gown, on the skirt of which, above a flounce of chiffon, a flight of swallows is embroidered. The only color in her costume was given by her shower bouquet of pink roses. The Governor-General wore the full-dress uniform of his regiment, the Guards, and on his breast were many decorations. Many of his extra aides-de-camp were in attendance that night. Major Forester of Toronto was one of these. Colonel Buchan was another distinguished soldier from Toronto at the ball. Major Reade, commandant of the Royal Military College, and Mrs. Reade, who were there, were guests at Government House for several days of last week. There were a number of smart uniforms, and picturesques, if not smart, were the consular uniforms worn by Mr. Nossi, M. de Struve, M. Kleczkowski and Count Mazza. All these gentlemen, except the Consul-General for France, were accompanied by their wives; M. Kleczkowski I do not think has a wife. The ladies are of the nationalities represented in Canada by their husbands, and the little Japanese lady, Mrs. Nossi, was unmistakably a Jap, even though attired in the conventional costume of a lady of Europe. She had chosen a grey brocade gown trimmed with white lace, but she was so much more pleasant the next evening when one saw her in a box party of Lady Laurier's at the theater, wearing a bright golden and red kimono, with her hair done a la Japonaise. She speaks English a little, and smiles prettily whether she understands what is said to her or not.

Mr. W. J. Anderson's dance last Friday night was a delightful dance, quite one of the best ever given in Ottawa. It could hardly have been otherwise in such a house, and with such good arrangements. Mrs. Anderson was a white satin gown and carried a large bouquet of crimson roses which the members of the Bank staff had presented to her. Miss Helen Anderson and a younger sister also carried similar bouquets. Supper was served in the office of the Bank, and a handsome supper room could hardly be imagined. An addition to the staff of the Bank of Montreal is Mr. Finucane, who comes from the Calgary branch, and has, I believe, many friends in Toronto.

The presentation of the Distinguished Service Order to Major Morrison was one of the features of the State Ball, and everybody crowded about the dais to see it. Four older men received that night the Long Service decoration. Major Saunders of the North-West Mounted Police was in town last week, and he, too, received the Distinguished Service Order, but not being fond of balls, or perhaps publicity, he received it privately and did not put in an appearance at the State Ball. Major Saunders and his friend, Major Chalmers, who was killed when the former was wounded, are among the men of whom Canada has most reason to feel proud.

Mr. Guise left for Japan on Tuesday last, and on Thursday Lady Minto, Lady Alix Beauchere, Lady Ruby Elliot and Lord Melgund, attended by Captain Bell, left for New York, from where they sail on Saturday in the "Minnehaha."

There were amateur theatricals in aid of St. Luke's Hospital on Monday night, and as most people went to them, it left arrivals at Mrs. R. L. Borden's reception to a late hour. Nevertheless there were quite enough people at her reception before the theater-goers came, to make it a very bright party. After they came the drawing-room of the Russell, where there was dancing, was a bit crowded. Mrs. Borden received in a room that was a veritable bower of flowers, and her bouquet of pink roses, which exactly matched her gown, was exquisite. The amiable feeling existent in social life was evidenced by the presence of Lady Laurier and several Cabinet Ministers and their wives.

AMARYLLIS

Better exhaust your bank account to pay a debt than bankrupt your virtue in getting out of it.

Briggs—It isn't the man who cuts off the most coupons who cuts the most ice. Griggs—He doesn't have to. His roof thousands answer well enough for him.

Crystal-gazing has been superseded in London by little black mirrors from India, in which faddists assert they can see future events.

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A Tour
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Churches

No. 20.

How the Casual Visitor Is Impressed

BY "DON."

No. 20.—Rev. Solomon Cleaver, D.D.

AST Sunday night I went to Sherbourne Street Methodist Church—otherwise known as the Church of the Methodist Millionaires. That so prominent a church should have been left to No. 20 in this series should indicate to the reader that many other reasons than parish popularity have guided me in my effort to make these pulpits interesting and valuable. The fact that this church had recently surprised its choir prevented me in joining in the current sensational comments, as it is my aim to attract attention to preaching and preachers, not by dwelling upon novelties, but rather by dispassionate criticism of the prevalent man and methods of those who occupy pulpits.

At a quarter to seven I found myself one of quite a little crowd before one of the inner entrance doors. A businesslike but polite usher was enquiring of those who waited as to the number in the respective groups. The congregation is evidently seated mathematically and with reference to the rights of pewholders. I was a group of one and was placed in the middle of a long line of handsomely upholstered opera chairs, one of which was turned down for me just as the same service would be performed at a place of amusement. The lady in front of me wore a large cloth hat with the many ungraceful and almost inconceivable contortions which milliners give to these hats, but I felt that it would be improper to take one of the empty chairs on either side of me, as they were doubtless reserved for somebody else. In the Metropolitan Church I had the "cathedral feeling" while waiting for the service to begin; at Sherbourne Street I had the "opera house feeling," and was much interested in watching the fifteen hundred seats being filled. The congregation by reputation is a fashionable one. Of this I confess myself unable to judge, though I saw many men prominent in business affairs quietly taking their places. The number of elderly people, apparently in affluent circumstances, was in remarkable contrast to some of the places of worship I have visited where in the evening



REV. DR. CLEAVER.

the pews seem to be left to youth and strangers. The architecture and decorations of the church are rich, soft in tone, and irreproachable in taste. Dark and expensive woods, polished as brightly as the furniture in the most elaborate drawing-room, are wonderfully pleasing to the eye and in great contrast to the glaring ash and oak fittings which make the people in dark clothing seem like spots of ink on yellow blotting-paper.

At exactly seven o'clock the pastor took his seat in the pulpit and bent profoundly in a moment of prayer. At once the surprised choir filed in and took their seats, the men and the women looking very much alike except in the cases where moustaches or a beard distinctly indicated the sex. I must confess that I do not think the surprise adds to the beauty of the female chorister. Unlike the costume of the trained nurse, the absence of brightness and color in the black surplice makes the female wearer of a surplice unattractive—wisely so, perhaps, because the pretty women in a choir cause the masculine eye to wander sometimes from the preacher. In no respect does it seem to outrage the idea of simplicity, but rather to accentuate the idea of the primitive doctrine that women should be modest in apparel.

The opening prayer seemed to me somewhat stereotyped, and in endeavoring to obtain some idea of the subject of the sermon to follow I was misled, for I imagine that Dr. Cleaver had in his mind during his petition the coming Sunday school anniversary rather than the Old Testament episode on which he dwelt, and with which he was so familiar that every word was as ready as if the whole address had been memorized. He was not powerful in his prayer, speaking quickly and sometimes indistinctly, and seemingly not occupying any advantageous point of communion with the One to Whom he addressed his well-chosen words.

The lesson read was the latter portion of the 41st chapter of Genesis, beginning at the 47th verse. In a brief exposition he dwelt mostly on the 54th verse: "And the seven years of dearth began to come, according as Joseph had said; and the dearth was in all lands; but in all the land of Egypt there was bread." "In all the land of Egypt there was bread," he repeated, "not because the famine was not in Egypt, but because the man of God was in Egypt, and had prepared for it. In every land, in every home, in every heart, famine cometh sooner or later. It may be the famine of affliction, the famine of disappointment, the famine of love." I am not quite sure of his phrases except in the case of the "famine of affliction," and one of the few slight criticisms I desire to make is with regard to the use of the "famine of affliction, etc." Famine means a dearth, and a famine of affliction would mean a dearth of affliction. A famine of affliction would mean the absence of happiness and the painful presence of its opposite. Dr. Cleaver is sometimes inartistic in his choice and arrangement of words, though almost invariably he succeeds in making his word-pictures exceedingly vivid and effective. His application of the phrase, "In all the land of Egypt there was bread," was fine. If the heart is afflicted, if the home is afflicted, if the land is afflicted, no one can be desolate or famine-stricken if God is there.

After a selection by the choir and singing by the congregation he told us that he would resume the study of Joseph. In a previous discourse he had dwelt upon the carrying of Joseph into Egypt and the preparations made during the fat years for the lean ones. His description of the famine where Joseph's father and brethren lived brought his face to face with that terrible condition when the rain ceases to fall, the planted corn withers up no shoot; when the cattle cease to find grass and are driven up the sides of the hills to feed upon the withering herbage and the shrivelling foliage of the trees. Throughout Canaan the streams had ceased to run and the pools at which the cattle had drunk were dried up. Even in the ravines of the mountains neither grass nor nourishment could be found. Joseph's brethren had doubtless heard that there was cor-

in Egypt, but they made no mention of it to one another. They had seen the caravans passing through, carrying food to places more distant from the source of supply than the land in which they dwelt. It may seem strange that Joseph, in the midst of plenty, had not, after the absence of a score of years, taken pains to send to his old home to enquire after the welfare of his father and that beloved youngest son of his mother, Benjamin. Doubtless he was guided in this by the wisdom of God, and he forbore taking any part in the affairs of the family from which he had been banished by his brethren, until the proper moment. That his starting brethren, who were looking into one another's faces with hunger and despair, did not suggest a visit to Egypt in search of corn, made evident the awful guilt which they all felt whenever they thought of the country to which the Ishmaelites were going when Joseph was sold to them. How dare any of those ten brethren whisper "Egypt" to a partner in guilt?

Most impressively did Dr. Cleaver apply this lesson to the lives of his hearers. Probably, he suggested, there is no one here but could be made turn pale and tremble by the mention of a single word, a name, a date, or something that would bring up a chain of remorseful thoughts. Particularly amongst those who have a common ground of regret, shame, guilt or sorrow, some word is always tacitly forbidden, some name studiously avoided, some incident never recalled. "The memory of conscience causes this"—here, again, I would like to call Dr. Cleaver's attention to a careless use of words. Conscience has no memory separate from that which we call Memory. Psychologically, it is hard to separate conscience and memory. Conscience is not a separate entity and to a great extent, if not entirely, it is memory itself as acted upon by our education, experience and emotions. To speak of conscience as if it were the soul, or confusedly give it a special place in our mental organization, or give to a remorseful memory the importance of a divine rebuke, is to so thoroughly mix simple propositions as to create a superstition equally as uninspired as that which the Roman Catholic feels when he eats meat on Friday, which the Jew feels when he eats pork at all, and which many people feel if they put on the left shoe first. His idea that we all have an "Egypt" unmentionable, condemning, if not shameful, suggestive of tears, torments and indescribable sorrow, was one which I felt pierced the consciousness of everyone listening to him. Such a sensation and the law governing it is so natural that it certainly should not be clouded by a mixture of terms.

When Jacob, who knew nothing of this reluctance to either whisper the word or visit the place, saw that they must perish if they did not get food, he exercised his patriarchal authority and sent his sons to Egypt for corn. His refusal to allow Benjamin, Joseph's brother, to accompany them being particularly pathetic.

This story that we have known from childhood was told by Dr. Cleaver in a way which enthralled his hearers and sent them all heart-searching after their own particular "Egypt" and their own favorite "Joseph." The coming of the brethren into the presence of the Egyptian governor, whom they did not recognize, his carefully calculated harshness, his desire that they should feel their sin and appreciate his subsequent clemency, were descriptive passages not unduly amplifying the text, which made the listeners see the sons of devious Jacob in a new light. Joseph reproaches his brethren, as they once reproached him, with spying. He protected Reuben as Reuben had protected him; he bound and made captive Simeon, who was the ring-leader in the plot against him, and the great Joseph, the Egyptian governor, withdrew himself and wept that diplomacy forced upon him this harshness to those whom, despite their ill-treatment of him, he still loved. In the interview, Dr. Cleaver represented Joseph in the passage, Genesis, xlii., 18. "And Joseph said unto them the third day, This do, and live, for I fear God," as making the exclamation in Hebrew. The word sounded like "Elihu," and was used to express "For I fear God." I may have missed the pronunciation, as Elohim (E-lo-heem) was probably the word. However, Elohim is simply the Hebrew name of God in His capacity of judge of the universe, and I cannot find any single Hebrew word which expresses "I fear God." In introducing a foreign word for dramatic or rhetorical effect, the preacher should endeavor not only to pronounce it correctly, but to get exactly the right one.

People often say, when they speak of the hardness of their nature, that the evils of their apprenticeship, the hardships of their early lives, the injustice of society, the cruelty of commerce, have forced all softness out of them. It is not so. Joseph remembered the language of his boyhood because he had prayed to God in that tongue and God had kept his heart softened and kind. The people of to-day who are hard of heart are not so because of the unkindness of the world, but because they have banished God, the God of Jacob and of Joseph, from their heart. Those who keep God as a living impulse in their nature cannot harden and become cruel. Abruptly breaking off his discourse at the end of thirty minutes, Dr. Cleaver announced that he would conclude it next Sunday night, when the recognition of Joseph by his brethren would be taken up. I should like to hear his completion of this interesting narrative. Reading the chapters of Genesis dealing with it in the light and with the feeling which Dr. Cleaver gave to the section which he expounded, it was ablaze with those domestic incidents and emotions which made it vastly more absorbing than the most intensely written story or the most brilliantly pronounced words.

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A Shotgun Wedding.

PRODUCT of the United States, the New Woman minus morals but with an overplus of self-possession, has recently chilled New York by an exemplification of what this terrible person may do. The girl was not only young, but beautiful. Tall, slight, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and attired in the most approved fashion, she answered in court the charge of killing her lover for not marrying her. From the moment of her arrest she slept as peacefully as a child, was thoroughly conscious of her rights, and was finally discharged, though the young man's relatives, who had taken her into their home when her misconduct had caused her to be expelled by her own family, testified that she had said she would kill him if he did not live up to his contract. That their life was an outrage upon the social customs, which are at least outwardly respected even in New York, was not denied. It was also shown that her girl friends were apparently undisturbed by her relations with the man she is said to have killed. The whole episode is full of information, if not warning, for those who believe that women should be held excusable for those offences against morality and conventionality said to be so frequently outraged by men and excused in them. The young man's parents evidently took this view and the young woman's friends endorsed it; the result was a murder and acquittal.

It is a demonstration of what seems to be United States law, that a shotgun wedding if threatened can be carried to the point of killing and still be within the proprieties. The young man's behavior to the young woman may have been bad, but it appears to have been endorsed by his parents, and the only reprehensible thing which the New York papers seem to have found in this tragic case would seem to be the harshness of the girl's father and mother in refusing to countenance her remarkable behavior. We have certainly gone far in the evolutionary progress from Judaism and that patriarchal system which insisted that the elder should restrain the younger. On the other hand, we have nothing better—it cannot be denied that it is something—than the code, apparently acceptable in New York, that the man who promises to marry really has married her and is punishable with death at the hands of the injured woman if he fails to adhere to the agreement. This is, of course, a new conventionality likely to be abused, for the gun can be used when the contract cannot be proved—even when it never existed—though the modern jury seems to believe that when the gun has been used the contract is implied. This is a rather startling condition, but not more startling than the other conditions revealed in the somewhat celebrated trial. M. D.

A Literary Coincidence.

INCIDENCES in literature are common, and a man may still deserve the character of originality, though what he writes has been done before. The late Sidney Dobell was praised for the fine simile in his sonnet, "The Army Surgeon":

And as a raw brood, orphaned in the storms,
Thrust up their heads if the wind bend a spray
Above them, but when the bare branch performs
No sweet paternal office, sink away
With helpless chirp of woe.

But an English paper points out that, in a passage from Dryden's "Indian Emperor," the same episode is described in language strikingly similar:

As callow birds
Whose mother's killed in seeking of the prey
Cry in their nest and think her long away.
And, at each leaf that stirs, each blast of wind,
Gape for the food that they must never find.

The chances are that Dobell had never read his Dryden, but the resemblance could scarcely be more complete.

His Epitaph.

NOT many years ago an old official of the English Foreign Office retired from the service, to the great regret of his friends and colleagues. Both he and they, however, had a sense of humor, and a card in the shape of a funeral tablet was placed upon the mantelpiece of his old room, bearing these words:

"In memory of —, who departed this official life on the 30th of March, 1873. Scrupulous in the avoidance of every duty, he gracefully escaped the obligations of this transitory life. Regarding virtue as a thing beyond price, he was careful not to degrade it by practice. His mind was a storehouse of knowledge of which he had lost the key; and in finally paying the debt of nature, he left to his sorrowing friends the consolation of meeting his other lia-

Pax Nobis!

The gentleman so eulogized not only smiled over this satirical conceit, when he found it in its place of honor, but had it copied and placed over a mantel in his own house.

When Women Propose.

To prove that woman should not propose, somebody has gone to the length of writing a short story. The hero, who is proposed to, was a somewhat modest and timorous character in whom the heroine saw immense possibilities; if only he might get started on a matrimonial road to the supreme development of his soul. She proposed, and—this is the germ of the whole matter—he accepted. He explained later, when his unhappy existence drove him to candor, that he had not dared to decline. Supposing the aggressive and original author of this tale knew her book of human nature, she had therein drawn for us a picture of manifold interest and value. The significant terror of the question lies not so much in the problem as to whether woman will or will not propose to man (she probably will, if she wants to), but whether man, profoundly chivalrous creature that he is, will have the courage to say a good, round no when he doesn't want her. The fortunes of matrimony are at present more or less safeguarded by woman's time-honored custom of refusing the man she does not desire to accept. But, with women proposing, and men accepting the first matrimonial offer without a quibble, willy-nilly, what would become of us? With this direful view to the fore, it is to be hoped that woman will allow man his ancient and honorable prerogative of taking his choice as well as paying his money, says "Harper's Weekly."

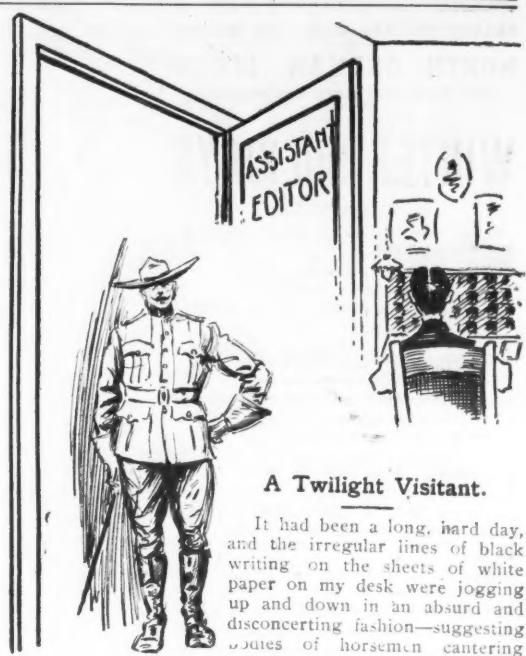
Teton-Thompson as Vocalist.

Ernest Thompson-Seton—he of animal story-telling and converted name fame—was describing to a clergyman the other day some of his experiences with various animals, particularly squirrels.

"It is an astonishing fact," said Mr. Seton, "that I found, after some few tests, that I could attract squirrels, however wild, by singing to them. Whenever I sang they would come out of their holes or down from the trees, and though at first showing some timidity, sit and listen intently and apparently with enjoyment. I remember one day, however, when, after singing them various songs—rag-time and others—I tried 'Old Hundred' on them. Would you believe it, the instant they heard it they scampered off, nor could I induce them to return that day. And to this day I can't understand why."

The clergyman, a far-away look in his eye, suggested very briefly:

"Probably they were afraid you would next proceed to take up a collection."



A Twilight Visitant.

It had been a long, hard day, and the irregular lines of black writing on the sheets of white paper on my desk were jogging up and down in an absurd and disconcerting fashion—suggesting scenes of horsemen cantering toosly across a plain—when suddenly in the twilight, I was aware of a tall familiar-unfamiliar figure at my office door. I had seen him before, but when and where I could not at the moment, and cannot yet.

"Come in," I said, in the mechanical, dry-as-dust manner of one used to repeating the formula fifty times a day.

"No, thanks," he said, without removing his rough rider's hat. "I haven't time to stay. I was just passing along the hall and thought I would look in."

As my doorway is at the end of the hall, I thought this explanation of his presence funny, and I laughed out, as one sometimes will when a matter, not in itself overpowering, yet happens to hit the bullseye of one's own peculiar sense of the absurd.

But the tall, broad-shouldered man at the door—almost heroic, I thought, in his height and sturdiness—did not answer my laugh with mirthfulness. He only looked grave and said with emphasis:

"The boys have had another 'set-to' with the Boers, they tell me. What do you think of it?"

Then, without waiting to learn what I thought of it—and I had a good many thoughts on the subject, perhaps worth hearing, perhaps not—he continued:

"They sold their lives dearly, I'm told, every mother's son of them. No panic, no surrender, no going on the principle that if a fellow can't see what good he's going to do by dying then and there, he might just as well run and save his skin. I tell you the way the boys fought is the way to fight—and I've been through it; I know. If there had been more fighting to the last man and the last cartridge by the British in this war, the trouble would now be over—yes, long ago. More regiments would have been cut up at the start, but in the long run lives and tears and property would have been saved. With all their occupation of the enemy's country, the British have failed—and failed utterly—to wipe out the deadly contempt in which every Boer holds a Boer. And therein lies the seed of untold harvests of future trouble, to be reaped in that pitiable land—

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Anecdotal.

In one of the Philadelphia colleges a professor of chemistry asked a student the other day: "Now, suppose you were called to a patient who had swallowed a heavy dose of oxalic acid, what would you administer?" "I would administer the sacrament," replied the student, who, by the way, is said to be studying for the ministry, and takes chemistry because it is obligatory.

It is reported that Innocent IV. and Thomas Aquinas were standing together as the bags of treasure were being carried in through the gates of the Lateran. "You see," observed the Pope, with a smile, "the day is past when the Church could say, 'Silver and gold have I none.' 'Yes, holy father,' was the saint's reply, "and the day is past also when the Church could say to the lame man, 'Rise and walk.'"

W. J. Bryan told a good story at his own expense in New York recently: "I spoke during the campaign in a little Illinois town. In front of me sat a man rigidly attentive. He drank in every word I said; I think he had drunk in something else besides. When I finished he came up and wrung my hand. 'Mr. Bryan,' he said, 'You are wonderful, wonderful. You are the first man I ever saw whose back teeth I could see all the time he was speaking.'"

President Roosevelt is fond of telling any story at his own expense. That which he enjoys most is the following: Former Governor Wise had told the President that it was the general opinion, so far as he had heard, that he would go down to posterity as a Washington. The President replied that he was delighted to hear that. "But," added Wise, in a serious manner, "whether it will be as a George or a Booker T. I don't know." The President is said to have laughed so heartily over this that Wise became alarmed.

Dr. Rixey, who for some years was the private physician in the McKinley household, says that when the late President's mother sat down for the first time to a White House dinner what seemed to impress her most was the prodigal supply of cream. She commented on its abundance, and then added: "Well, William, at last I know what they mean when they speak of the Cream of Society." The President laughed. "I admit," said he, "that there seems to be an extravagant array of cream on the table, but you know, mother, we can afford to keep a cow, now."

An amusing story is being told of Sir Henry Howorth, who, besides being the author of many scientific works, has written an elaborate historical book entitled "History of the Mongols." It seems that the other day Sir Henry found himself at a dinner party next to a lady who determinedly talked to the dogs from the soup to the dessert. Rather bored, Sir Henry at last remarked that though his friends somewhat unkindly declared that he could chatter on any subject, he was obliged to own that he was utterly at sea on the topic of dogs. The lady looked astounded. "Why, are you not Sir Henry Howorth?" I understood from our host that you were the author of a learned book on Mongols, and I was so delighted, as I am so interested in all kinds of dogs."

A story is told of a certain English bush well known for his verbosity who rose to address the House of Lords on a very important occasion. "I will divide my speech under twelve heads," he said, to the discomfort of his audience. The Marquis of Salisbury begged to be allowed to interpose with a little anecdote. "A friend of mine was returning home late one night," he said, "when opposite St. Paul's he saw an intoxicated man trying to ascertain the time on the big clock there. Just then it began to strike and slowly tolled out twelve. The man listened, looked hard at the clock and said, 'Confound you, why couldn't you have said that all at once?' The bishop heartily joined in the laughter which followed, and took the hint contained in the story."

Dr. John Kerr, the well-known Scotch school inspector, was once faced in a Banffshire manse by this question put to him by the lady of the house on behalf of her inquisitive son. "Mr. Kerr, is it true that the devil goes about like a roaring lion?" "It must be true," he replied, "for it is in the Bible." A shrill voice came from the corner: "Then who keeps his fire when he's gaun about?" Dr. Kerr related an anecdote of a woman who had just lost her husband, and the minister calling to console her found her sitting in front of a large bowl of porridge. "Terrible loss, terrible loss," signed the minister. "Aye," was the reply, "it's a terrible loss to me. I've just been greetin' a' nicht, and as suns as I finish this wee drap porridge, I'm just gaun to begin again."

Many years ago, before the days of railroads, a nobleman and his lady, with their infant child, were traveling in the depth of winter across Salisbury Plain. A snowstorm overtook them; their child became ill from the cold, and they were forced to take refuge in a lone shepherd's hut. The wild shepherd and his wife drew near the child in awe and silence. The nurse began undressing it by the warm cottage fire. Silken frock and head-dress did the baby wear. One rich baby dress came off, to reveal another more beautiful. Still the shepherd and his wife looked on with awe. At last the process of undressing was completed, and the naked baby was being warmed by the fire. Then was it, when all these wrappings and outer husks were peeled off, that the shepherd and his wife, relieved of their superstition, broke silence, exclaiming, "Why, it's just like one of ours!"

During the Presidential campaign of William Henry Harrison, Alexander H. Stephens and Julius Alford met in a political debate in the South. Mr. Alford was a lawyer of a small city in Middle Georgia, and an aspirant for Congress; he was a man of fine physique, and good oratorical powers, but haughty and self-conceited. Mr. Stephens, his political opponent, was an intellectual giant, but exceedingly frail physically. After Mr. Alford had "spread himself" on behalf of his chosen candidate, thinking to belittle Mr. Stephens, who was to follow with a speech, he concluded by saying: "And here's little Alex Stephens, wearing a coat that's big enough for old General Jackson, with the collar six inches above his head, and the tails dragging on the ground. If you 'tallow' him and lay back his ears, I'll swallow him." To which Mr. Stephens piped out in quick retort: "If you did you would have more brains in your stomach than you've got in your head."

Tennyson was fond of relating a story of how the Duke of Wellington, when a very old man and president of the Privy Council, once walked up from Downing street, instead of riding, as he usually did. When he came to a point opposite Apsley House, the old soldier could not cross the street safely, owing to the number of carriages and hansom that were whirling past. At last a well-dressed man recognized the Duke in the crowd, and, regarding his trouble, went up to him and said: "Will your grace allow me the honor of escorting you across the road?" "Thanks," said the old hero, laconically. This was safely accomplished, and "Thanks," said the Duke again. But the patriotic Briton, standing uncovered, said: "My Lord Duke, this is the proudest moment of my life. I shall tell my children, and they shall tell their children that I once had the distinguished honor of escorting across the street the hero of Waterloo." The old Duke, with his aristocratic bearing and military whisker, looking down at his effusive friend with his eagle glance, said dryly: "Now, don't make a d— fool of yourself," and forthwith vanished.

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Circumstances Alter Cases.

Belated Marriages. The Tyranny of Clothes.

"ANTICIPATION or reality, which do you prefer?" asked the merry maiden, as she watched me girding up my "locks" for the dance. "The former! One can 'imagine' such a glorious time—bright people, lovely gowns, enthusiasm, 'elan'—all the things that go to make the ideal dance. Oh! give me anticipation every time!" I cried, meeting her young notion half-way. And the merry maiden who was inclined to be a timorous little puss in a strange garret braced up and laughed a bit. The next day a woman sat where the merry maiden had lingered the evening before, a woman with sombre and frightened eyes and interlacing fingers, a woman with a heart torn by a thousand dreads. "Now, don't anticipate," I said, gently. "There's no sense or reason in it. The reality may be ever so blessed and bright, and then all this suffering for nothing is so foolish." She only looked dimly at me through her tears. "If your boy were out there," she sighed, and I knew that the pregnant future might bring forth so much for her that I only sat beside her dumbly, waiting for that list which did seem never to be coming. When it came, and there was no name like hers upon it, she turned a quivering face to me. "Anticipation is the worst, after all," she said.

Did we not hear somewhere lately that nations must have the sprinkling not of the blood of bulls and goats, but of men, for their baptism before they became powerful and recognized? A huge cry of protest greeted those words, but what is making Canada known over the earth this April day? Just that precious baptism of blood, which has tapped the bitter tears in mother's eyes, which has touched the heart of Canada with pain, which has loosed the cry of admiration in England, which has shown the world the strippling nation stirring, waking, meeting life nobly and death fearlessly for loyalty's sake. Just a few drops of blood have done it, and the preacher is already justified whose words struck so fearfully upon many uncomprehending ears last year.

The other night Monsieur Hugues La Roux mentioned a curious experience in gathering statistics of the result of the higher culture of women and the inevitable distaste for domestic life which advanced education seems to bring upon the feminine sex. A great many women frankly allowed that study had absorbed them during their likely years for matrimony, and that the age of thirty found them distinctly unsatisfied and dissatisfied by their choice. Others, a few, avowed their utter content with mental delights, freedom and a future denuded of emotional ties; still others bemoaned their mistake, the waste of those sweet years, the loss of those gentle and precious influences which wifehood and motherhood bring to bear upon a woman's character and soul. Now, thirty isn't such a great age, and heaps of happiness and comfort can be ensured after even that advanced period in life by the willing woman if only she secures the right kind of man. But just as each year has made her less amenable, less dependent, less likely to adapt herself to her alter ego (who sometimes gives her plenty of mental gymnastic exercise), so much less are the chances of a union without friction—a happy, sunny, cheery, contented married life for the woman who lingers to commit matrimony until she is thirty. Another thing, men don't clamor for women of thirty, learned, brainy, and so on, for their brides. They are apt to prefer the untrained, merry, pretty miss of some ten years less. Which leaves the woman of thirty her fellow-savant of forty or fifty, her callow admirer of twenty-one, or any of the odds and ends of unattached manhood on the bargain counter of Hymen who will be content with mature culture instead of tempting youth. A staid marriage is but little better than spinsterhood among the 'ologies and 'isms, and most of the men to whom the "blue" of thirty appeals will be staid if they are not absolutely stupid. She will be exacting because she over-fuses values of her own (one-sided) development. She will be impatient of foolishness and perhaps startled and repelled by passion, upset entirely if her placid mind has browsed among the gods so long, or her mathematical brain had accurately arranged the emotions in precise values and added them up to an exact total. When this unknown quantity bowls over all her calculations she is very apt to resent it. And there isn't one woman in a thousand who has gone through the cedar-press of a real higher education until she is thirty who can grasp and welcome the abandon of a passionate love.

There are plenty of tender, romantic, delightful women of thirty who would make charming and devoted and contented wives, but their last fifteen years of life have not been voluntarily devoted to the higher culture, as its votaries call it. That was the point the lecturer made in his citation of the statistics he gathered from those women of thirty he told about. Those other women may have been simply waiting with hopefulness and bright anticipation of "Mr. Right's" coming any fair day. They may have loved and the lover may have been too poor or too fickle or too timid or too selfish to give them their royal place as queen of heart and home. But at thirty they are still young, with the evergreen hope and desire of the natural woman (just the sweet, pleasant, sometimes immensely clever woman, too) for the house, and the great and small interests, the husband and children, to love and cherish, and for the common or garden happiness which is human and sweet. I have in my mind's eye now girls who were discouraged from marriage by parents who are rich and selfish, who grew older and colder as the years went by, and who married in time, without one of the illusions of youth, and lived ever untouched by the holy fire. When one thinks of these cold, repressed, unlovely climates, it almost makes one wish for compulsory marriage or a prohibitory tax on the obdurate singles.

Scotch Thistle.—You say you do things thoroughly; perhaps that is why you double your consonants so often when one would do much better; for instance, "almost," "comin'," "and," "writting" all in one short run. There is a good deal of sensitiveness and anxiety about appearances in your letter, and rather more than a hint of poor and defective penmanship and influence. No one can develop penmanship by suggestion from without to disturb and influence you too much. I merely write this in case you may be easily rattled and disengaged by lack of sympathy. We should like to think you own thoughts, and no matter how before you may be the thoughts will clear themselves in time. At present, what with the corrugated paper you chose to write on and the nervous indecision of

The tyranny of clothes has its rampart seasons, spasms of cruel abuse of its victims, of torture, even, of destruction, maybe of vulgarity indescribable, and of soul-cramping, degrading materialism. It is a reign of raiment, described ad nauseam, envied, grieved, scorned, absorbing the thoughts and caricaturing the bodies of the people, until one sickens at the reiterated clamor of the tyrant, which is upon the people who have means, the carpings and impudent critics, the envious creatures who cannot squander fortunes upon the gown that perisheth.

The laetise of the babe, the frock of the affected child-woman, the dress of the stately bride, the gown of the matron, are talked about, written about, raved about in a detail that smacks of the shop and the workroom. All sorts of weird, mysterious names are italicized to represent tuck and frill and such like. French that never was spoken on land or sea is haulled in promiscuously to add impressiveness to the hedge-podge of description. Some of the descriptions of a lot of smart gowns are positively appalling in their details. The Princess of Wales' bodice linings are expatiated upon in a recent magazine, in an amplitude that is simply asinine. Can we not be rid of this abominable plague of detail? Is it artistic, intellectual or even well-bred to pick to pieces the material, trimmings and style of our neighbors' garments? The tyranny of clothes is fed, pampered, encouraged by all this sort of nonsense, vulgar emulation is suggested, each peacock instinct awakens, and to display one's gauds is of more importance than to consider one's refinement. There are fancy values upon many a tinsel shows on earth, but none that we women are so directly responsible for as the inexcusable infliction of the clothes-standard in the sizing up the value of our comrades.

LADY GAY.

Health In Spring.

Nature Requires Assistance During These Months.

To Help Throw off the Impurities That Have Accumulated During the Winter Months—Paroxysms should not be Used—It is a Toxic that is Needed.

A Canadian.—You're just one of the wheeling March babies, coaxing and yet determined, fond of idealizing life and somewhat romantic. It is seldom I get quite your type of writing, and I envy you. Your vague dates are sublimely useless, dear little Jennie Canuck! I need the exact day, and then can only "surmise" without the year as well as of course, takes us too far off for this country. You are frank and trusting, and of a happy disposition, self-reliant too, and sometimes too easily discouraged. There's not the buoyancy I'd like to note. There is humor, tenderness, tact and love of the beautiful shown. It's what one wants in an easy-going, easy-to-love person. I think December man is any good at all, stuck to me.

A Learner.—I have just been reading and studying a French book on handwriting, which is simply delightful, or rather, intricately delightful. I should say that one always comes across sights on this study. The French book treats less of the obvious practical traits than of the emotional and psychic side of character. It isn't exactly useful for delineation, but fascinating in its delving into the recesses of springs of one's being. Should you care to send for it? You are quite right in your remark. At the first glance the practiced graphologist recognizes traits attractive or the reverse. In the first place, you should be, therefore, somewhat of a partisan, and, when you are enrolled, a good fighter. Your writing hints at conservatism, and you have not much ambition of your life. You are a real woman, with ideals and great imagination, not very effusive nor yet very broad in your outlook; it looks like concentration, some healthy caution, and a good deal of temperance, self-reliance, energy, keen and clear thought and a thorough refinement. Foss Vaughan, of London, England, wrote a book for graphologists, "Character in Handwriting," which you might order. Write again!

A Assurance.—If you see this I shall be glad to give you my address. As you are going as far as possible, and as I was sorry to miss you upon your last visit. The lady's name, please!

Calamity.—My dear, you are perfectly effective in the cure of all diseases due to poor, thin, watery blood or weak nerves. Do not take a substitute for these pills—it is a waste of money and a menace to health to do so. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or send postpaid for 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every geographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules:

1. Geographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postcard are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

A Reader.—Well, my festive June-bug, there is nothing very striking about you yet. You are indeed very apt to follow the lead of the common herd, and then you will be a good deal of a bore. I can only suggest that you are not the most attractive of the species. You are a real woman, with ideals and great imagination, not very effusive nor yet very broad in your outlook; it looks like concentration, some healthy caution, and a good deal of temperance, self-reliance, energy, keen and clear thought and a thorough refinement. Foss Vaughan, of London, England, wrote a book for graphologists, "Character in Handwriting," which you might order. Write again!

Blackie.—I'll tell you honestly how your letter impresses me. It reads like that of a rather empty-headed person, worrying over trifles, such as calling falling in love, popularity, and the like, foolish, selfish and unprofitable, but probably you don't think so. Let yourself grow, my girl. You have splendid stuff in you, but it certainly isn't getting justice. No, I don't think men like to be around you. You have good feelings, easy, and they like 'em harder. That applies to girls and possibly sweethearts, you know. You are destitute of tact and self-respect, good disposition, hints of a growing ambition, discretion and reasonable judgment, fine energy and power to do your own work. There is something the matter with you, I think. You are not the most sympathetic, but somehow

Scotch Thistle.—You say you do things thoroughly; perhaps that is why you double your consonants so often when one would do much better; for instance, "almost," "comin'," "and," "writting" all in one short run. There is a good deal of sensitiveness and anxiety about appearances in your letter, and rather more than a hint of poor and defective penmanship and influence. No one can develop penmanship by suggestion from without to disturb and influence you too much. I merely write this in case you may be easily rattled and disengaged by lack of sympathy. We should like to think you own thoughts, and no matter how before you may be the thoughts will clear themselves in time. At present,

When Victoria Was Crowned.

In the Marquis of Lorne's "Life" of Queen Victoria there is a chapter on the coronation now quite interesting in view of the much-discussed ceremony which is to take place in London in June. The former Governor-General's description of the pageant is too impressionistic to be very effective, but the following account of the ceremony, given by Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, one of the train-bearers of the Queen, who later became the Duchess of Cleveland, is very amusing. She writes:

The Queen looked very well and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson velvet mantle, bordered with gold lace, and lined with ermine, with a long ermine cape which very ponderous appendage we were to support. . . . We were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly, and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey.

The Abbey itself was a beautiful coup d'oeil, as we marched up amid plauders of applause and handkerchiefs and scarfs waving everywhere. The Queen acknowledged her reception very graciously. I think her heart fluttered a little as we reached the throne; at least, the color mounted to her cheeks, brow, and even neck, and her breath came quickly. However, the slight emotion she showed was very transient, and she stood perfectly motionless while the archbishop, in almost inaudible voice, proclaimed her undoubted sovereign and liege lady. . . .

The burst of applause in the Abbey when the crown was placed on her head, and the sight of all the peers and ladies crowning themselves at the same moment, was really most impressive, and in the midst of the cheering Handel's magnificent anthem, "The Queen Shall Rejoice!" thundered in. After this the Queen was enthroned, and we took up our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the treasurer of the household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn in pieces in the universal excitement. The pages were particularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece.

I saw little of the homage. The Duke of Wellington was prodigiously cheered. Lord Rolle fell down, and was carried away by two strong peers. . . . After the homage, we returned with the Queen to the chapel, where her mantle—now a purple one—was fastened on, and we waited for three-quarters of an hour for the procession to form in the same manner as on entering the Abbey.

The Queen complained of a headache from having the crown very ceremoniously knocked by most of the peers—one actually clutched hold of it; but she said she had guarded herself from any accident or misadventure by having it made to fit her head tightly. She had, besides, to bear the heavy and sceptre across the Abbey; but when she reached the robing-room, she disengaged herself of them, unfastened her mantle, took off her crown, and having got rid of all her royalty, sat down on the sofa and amused herself. We too were allowed to sit down for the first time.

But her day of fatigue was not yet over, for she had to entertain one hundred persons at dinner in the palace.

The Duke of Wellington had a great ball at Apsley House, two thousand persons having been invited, the cabinet ministers gave state dinners. Illuminations, fireworks, a fair in Hyde Park, and free admission to the theaters were provided for the gratification of Her Majesty's subjects in London. There was no accident of any importance, except in one case, where a balloon made a bad descent. The House of Commons voted \$350,000 on account of the coronation, a very small sum when compared with the large amounts given for similar ceremonies abroad. A number of peers were created, or raised a step in the peerage, among these being the father of General Lord Merton, and twenty-nine baronets among them Lyton Bulwer and William Herschell.

A Useful Helpmate.

THE editor of the Grapevine "Telegraph," after spending six years, without a break, in the editorial harness, felt himself entitled to a vacation, and went away to the mountains for a month's hunting and fishing, leaving his wife in charge of the paper. On his return he was astonished to

find his office overflowing with potatoes. Everything that could be turned into a receptacle was filled with them. Each pigeonhole in his desk contained a potato. The drawer of his editorial table was bursting with potatoes. Old ink-kegs, lined with papers, were filled and heaped with them. There were potatoes in the coal-bucket, in the ash-pit, and even in the stove itself.

They were no small potatoes, either.

Every one of them was as big as his fist, and some were as big as two fists.

The collection would have taken a

prism at a county fair.

"Lucy," he said, after the greetings were over, "what does all this mean?"

"Oh," she almost sobbed, "I wanted to do something original, and so I announced, in the first number of the paper I printed after you went away, that the 'Telegraph' would be sent for one year to the person sending us the largest potato raised in this county, for six months to the person sending the next largest, and for three months to the one sending the third largest. The potatoes began coming in right away, and they've been coming ever since. Some persons, I am afraid, have tried to get all three of the prizes. I have begged the people not to send any more, and I do believe they are doing it now for a joke. We can't announce any prizes till they quit coming, and there are some boys in the other room with their pockets bulging with them right now, and—Oh, Cyrus, what shall we do?"

"Do?" said the editor, with a grin on his face. "Do? The right thing to do would be for me to go away for another month and let you continue to edit the paper. Potatoes are worth a dollar a bushel, and you have got enough of them here to pay all the expenses of my trip, and all they cost us is a dollar and seventy-five cents' worth of 'Telegraph.' If you want an apprentice, just consider me in line for the job."

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A Ghostly Game of Chess.

"THE International Hall of the Cafe Monico is a truly palatial chamber, ever so many

feet broad by ever so many

more feet long. On the evenings of

Friday and Saturday of last week

by London "Outlook," it was divided

by a barrier into two unequal parts.

In the smaller sat, each at his board,

the British chess-players competing

against the American chess-players

who were not there. Through the larger roamed a selection of the chess public. . . . Inside the barrier, and next it, sat Mr. James Mason at a chess-board, facing us. We seem to have known Mr. Mason as a fine player these—well, say twenty years. On this occasion he is opposing Mr. J. P. Barry of America—who is not here; Mr. Barry is sitting in a room in Brooklyn three thousand miles away, under the eyes of American spectators. It is easy to say that the two men are connected by electric telegraph; but it is not wise to dispose of the mystery and romance of space in so rude a way. . . . But Mr. Mason, in this grand International Hall, seated opposite nothing better than a man with a book of telegraph forms who waits unconcernedly for the move, can play thus dumbly and in absence against Mr. Barry in Brooklyn and think it chess? It is a very ghostly business, and we wonder Mr. Mason can get through with it at all. But he does. He is as solemn, as rapt in thought, as oblivious of all but the game as if Mr. Barry were opposite to him in the flesh, and not opposed to him only by electric telegraph. Clearly to him the play is everything, whether the opponent's move comes to him by actual touch, by telegraph, or by psychic suggestion. But for our part, we cannot throw off a dread of the uncanny nature of the business. We feel inclined to look about for some manifestation of Mr. American Barry's spirit. What better evidence of it could we have than the arrangement of these wooden pieces on that wooden board? There is Mr. Barry—most effectually Mr. Barry, for he is causing Mr. Mason to think, and think to purse his lips in the old familiar way, to fall into immovable silences, wherein you would think he was revolving schemes of a new order of creation or puzzling out the mystery of man's origin and destiny; and Mr. Mason is doing the like to him in far Brooklyn. A strange and fascinating pursuit is chess, strange and unprofitable. Not politics, nor fame, nor wealth, nor love can so engross a man. These objects are usually compassed by flashes of passion, insight, and daring; but this slow, prolonged struggle of brain against brain, through the medium of pieces of fantastically carved wood, is pure devotion to an abstraction. The man who wins, who so hemmed in the piece of wood called a king that he may not move, gains nothing, proves nothing, establishes nothing but—"checkmate." Yet when he accomplishes that he tastes of a

satisfaction deeper and more permanent than is accorded to statesman or lover, merchant or gambler. To accomplish it he deliberately, and for very love of the doing of it, undertakes an enormous mental effort, a thing which mankind in general shuns as if it were Satan himself. Truly a most mystical business this chess. In Paradise you will find politicians reading poetry, and poets studying morals; merchants will be cultivating the arts, and critics weeping on other people's necks; but the chess-players will be playing chess.

Plasters Failed.

Liniments, Oils and Many Other Medicines did no Good.

A New Brunswick Postmaster Tells of His Efforts to cure his Kidney Trouble—He Suffered for Years and Tried Many Medicines, but only Recently Found the Right One.

Lower Windsor, N.B., April 7.—(Special)—Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster of this place, has made a very interesting statement to his experience in his efforts to be cured of Kidney Trouble which has bothered him for many years.

At times he would have very bad spells, and when these came on he was almost laid up.

He tried several doctors and used many medicines, but nothing seemed to help him in the least.

Plasters, oils, liniments on the outside and doses of all kinds and descriptions taken internally seem to have but one result. He was no better.

Finally, through reading an advertisement, he was led to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says:

"Dodd's Kidney Pills were so highly recommended for Kidney Trouble that I began to read some testimonials. I concluded to try them according to directions.

"I had tried so many things that I was very skeptical, and had but little faith that Dodd's Kidney Pills could or would help me. However, I did not use them long before I found that they were all and more than was claimed for them.

"I have received more benefit from them than from any other medicines I have ever used, for they seem to have a complete cure of my case.

"I feel as well as ever I did, and have not the slightest trace of the Kidney Trouble that bothered me ever so long.

"I want to say that I believe that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble."

Mr. Belyea is very well known to everybody in this neighborhood, and there are but few who have not been aware of his serious illness.

Everyone is delighted at his improved health, and his published statement has done much to make Dodd's Kidney Pills even more popular in this neighborhood than they have been.

Curiosities of Book Sales.

COMMENTING on the phenomenal sale of some recent novels, a correspondent of the "Book Buyer" writes interestingly of notable books that years ago were popular, but since have become practically unknown. He says:

"There was once a very popular preacher who wrote many books, and for every one there was a large demand on the day of publication. But most of them passed out of print while he was still living, and I doubt if a single one of them is now kept in stock by any bookstore. Not many years ago appeared a book which the laboring classes and the tenement-house population bought so eagerly as to run the sale into the hundreds of thousands, because they thought it showed how an equal distribution of all property might be brought about. Now it appears to be dead. Helper's 'Impending Crisis' attained a sale of 140,000 copies, forty years ago, which was as great an achievement as half a million would be to-day. That was because of its bearing on burning political questions and the fact that it was systematically attacked in Congress. Now you can occasionally find a stray copy of it in a second-hand shop. Tourgee's 'Fool's Errand,' twenty years later, reached about the same circulation. For purposes of comparison, this and 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' would seem to be closely analogous. But while the "Fool's Errand" has almost, if not quite, gone out of circulation, Mrs. Stowe's great novel, thirty years older, still sells largely in several editions, and at many libraries is called for more frequently than any other book. Mrs. Stephens' 'Fashion and Famine' was the best selling novel of its day, and three translations of it were published in France. But to-day it is difficult to find a copy of it anywhere except in the lumber-room of a public library. Another example may be seen in the sudden popularity and subsequent deadness of 'Robert E. Lee,' the author of which is still writing successful books. Were it not that it might seem like telling tales out of school, something could be said of certain books that have begun life with a phenomenal sale, which has

stopped suddenly and unaccountably, as if at some mysterious signal.

For the reverse of the picture, the most notable example is afforded by "Ben Hur." This book had no sale worth mentioning for a year after its publication, and was considered dead. Now it is said to have attained a circulation surpassing that of any other American novel, with the single exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Someone might prepare a curious and entertaining article on three classes of books in light literature: 1. Those that have had an immediate large sale, and have then gone to oblivion. 2. Those that have had no sale at first, but afterward have met with large success. 3. Those that have been popular at the start and never lost their popularity. The first class would be the largest. Probably the second class would be the smallest. Two that would shine in the third are the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" and "Reveries of a Bachelor."

Very few people knew the taste of a really pure uncolored tea before the advent of

"SALADA"

Ceylon Tea, Black or Green. Millions know now and are happy.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c. Per lb.

Nothing adds so much to the appearance of a house as a well kept lawn.
But care is unavailing, unless your premises are protected by a neat

IRON FENCE.

We make them at all prices.

Neat and Ornamental Iron Fences from \$1.00 per foot upwards.

CANADA FOUNDRY COMPANY
UNITED
161 KING ST. E.
TORONTO

"The wheat, the whole wheat and nothing but the wheat."

The whole wheat contains all the true food properties that exist. Each property develops and sustains some element of the body. If parts of the wheat are removed, as in white flour, some element of the body is weakened.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

is simply whole wheat, shredded. That is, made light and porous, and, through thrice cooking, made perfectly digestible. It is naturally "short" and is very appetizing.

Monkey Brand Soap will clean a house from cellar to roof, but won't wash clothes.

Mystifying the Audience.

At the first production of Augustus Thomas' dramatization of "Richard Harding Davis's 'Soldiers of Fortune'" at New Haven, Robert Edeson, the star, made the first speech to the cheering Yale boys. Then there were calls for Richard Harding Davis, author of the novel, and Augustus Thomas, who had dramatized his latest novel, "In the Fog," which name he impressed upon possible buyers. About a third of the audience knew that the man who had represented himself to them as Davis was really Mr. Thomas. The rest saw the joke when Mr. Davis came out and said: "Of course this reception is very gratifying, but I don't think my dramatization of Mr. Davis's story is particularly good. But then, to a man who has written a play like 'Arizona,' that has been successful all over America, and recently was praised by the King and Queen of England, dramatizing a novel by a mere Richard Harding Davis seems unimportant and trivial."

Extreme Generosity.

While visiting one of the southern islands of the Philippine archipelago with a party of friends, Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd, wife of the Amherst astronomer, met some natives who were particularly distinguished by the very handsome bead-work on their garments. All the women of the touring party coveted specimens, but all attempts to buy proved fruitless. One young woman, who had lived many years in Samoa, overheard their conversation, and remarked that she thought she understood them, their dialect was so nearly like the Samoan language. Some of the chaperones of the young women urged her to go ahead and see if she could make any headway with them. The chief whom she addressed threw up his hands in surprise. "What," said he, "does the white maiden talk our language?" He was overjoyed, and promptly asked her the Samoan equivalent for "What can I do for you?" She told him in her sweetest Samoan how much she admired the bead-work on their garments, and how much she would like to buy a piece of it, to take back to her own country and show her countrymen how skillful and artistic these particular Filipinos were. "No," said the chief, with a lordly wave of the hand; "you shall not buy; you shall take as a gift." Whereupon he quickly removed his trousers and handed them over with

the unblushing grace of a child of nature. The young woman hastily resumed her English tongue, and the chaperones made their charges confine their further importunities to the women of the tribe.

The panic in the diamond market is growing worse instead of better. It is now almost impossible to get No. 1 whites in carload lots; No. 1 blues can

be obtained only in bushel lots; an 11 No. 1 straws are no longer quoted, except by the peck—Chicago "Tribune."

Penelope—Mercy! Why did Mabel ever marry that young Simkins? He's such a poor excuse of a man! Ann—Well, a poor excuse is better than none.—Chicago "Daily News."

"How is this? You have charged me twice the usual price for shaving."

"My razor was dull, and it took me twice as long."—New York "Weekly."

CARLING'S ALE

If you need an appetizer after your Lenten fast you can find none better, none purer, none more thoroughly good to the taste and grateful to the stomach than Carling's Ale. *

Had the Frog Staggers.

Mrs. Frog—You've been drinking again.
Mr. Frog—No, I haven't, my dear.
Mrs. Frog—Yes, you have; I noticed you hopped from one side of the road to the other coming home.

The young woman hastily resumed her English tongue, and the chaperones made their charges confine their further importunities to the women of the tribe.

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Memorial Stained Glass Windows

LEADED, WHITE METAL, COPPER and other effects in GLASS FOR DWELLINGS.

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JARVIS STREET Baptist Church choir will give a concert on May 12 in St. John's Presbyterian Church, Peterboro'. The singers will be taken to and from Peterboro' by a special train. The arrangement was effected at the invitation of the Peterboro' choir, and the event is being looked forward to with great local interest. The St. John's choir, Mr. John Crane conductor, has the reputation of being one of the best church choirs in the province, and will therefore be able thoroughly to appreciate the work of our Toronto organization.

Manager Houston did not receive much public encouragement on Monday night in his experiment of giving a first-class concert at popular prices, the highest of which was one dollar. With three such artists as Kreisler, violin; Gerard, cello, and Hofmann, piano, the comparatively slim attendance is difficult to account for. The consummate art of Hofmann and Gerard has already been fully commented upon, and their respective positions as great artists are undisputed. Fritz Kreisler was, however, a stranger to the majority of the audience. He won a pronounced triumph, proving himself to be a master of his instrument. He plays with a large tone and with brilliant execution, both of bow and left hand. His tone, moreover, has an individuality of its own, although its quality compared with that of Kubell seemed slightly veiled. He chose as his solo *Vieuxtemp's* exacting concerto in D minor, a very interesting concert piece from the violinist's point of view, and containing some expressive music. Kreisler surmounted the difficulties of the work with precision and ease, his technique being certain in the extreme register of the instrument, whether in double stops, harmonics or complicated bravura passages. He is unfortunately an awkward looking performer—a fact that may have caused some people to overlook the facility of his execution. He was most enthusiastically applauded, and recalled three times. Hofmann played all his solos, with the exception of the Liszt transcription of the "Tannhauser" overture, with exquisite charm and that refined and artistic style for which he is distinguished. In the Liszt "Funeralies," a composition not often heard, he worked up a wonderful crescendo, which for its perfect gradation and development to a climax I have not heard equalled since Rubinstein played here the Beethoven "Turkish March." Other numbers given by him were Moszkowski's "Spanish Caprice" and Rubinstein's "Barcarolle," both again perfect performances. The overture was disappointing, first, because it is somewhat beyond the powers of the piano, and, secondly, because Hofmann seemed to have forgotten that his ideal should have been to imitate the orchestral rendering as far as possible. He, however, took the opening at a pace that deprived the triplets of the chant of all significance, and even the *Vaganberg* music gave the impression of being hurried. Some of Liszt's introduced passages in the finale seemed to me somewhat trivial. The audience were, however, dazed by the young artist's wonderful execution, and applauded this number more demonstratively than any of the earlier pieces. The three artists gave a fine rendering of Rubinstein's trio in B major, in which the beauty of Hofmann's work was once more conspicuous. The Scherzo—quite an ad captandum movement—delighted the audience, who tried unavailingly to have it repeated. The first movement impressed everyone on account of its sound musical qualities, while the slow movement was proclaimed really beautiful. The sonorous, majestic, and yet sensuous tone of Gerard was heard to advantage in two movements by Boccherini, and a Berceuse as an encore. He phrased and finished his passages in the Boccherini number with wondrous grace. The concert was an artistic success, and it can only be regretted that the musical community was not more fully represented in the audience.

The Board of Directors of Grimsby Park have appointed Mr. Chrystal Brown musical director for the month of July, and Mr. Ruthven Macdonald musical director for August.

Owing to the numerous engagements in Paris, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam will be unable to come to Toronto for the summer season, as he originally intended.

Mr. Chrystal Brown, at present tenor soloist at St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Gerrard street, has been offered the tenor solo position at a large church in Buffalo, N.Y. If Mr. Brown accepts the position he will make Buffalo his home early in May.

Miss Annie J. Proctor will give a piano recital in the hall of the Metropolitan School of Music on the Thursday evening, the 17th inst., assisted by Miss Beatty, mezzo-soprano.

A vocal recital will be given in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday evening, April 17, by Mr. Edward Barton and his pupils. The programme includes songs, duets, trios, quartettes (male voices and mixed), and a chorus from Balfe's "Bohemian Girl," in which twenty pupils will take part. Victor Stone, the new boy soprano, who has been trained by Mr. Barton, will sing "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." Admission tickets (free) can be had at Mr. Barton's studio, 681 Spadina avenue.

The recital of original work to be given in the Conservatory Music Hall by Seranus (Mrs. Harrison) on the 17th inst. is sure to prove very interesting. The programme will include several arrangements of French-Canadian folk-songs, a field in which Seranus has been a distinguished worker. The assisting artists will be Mrs. Stewart Houston and Mr. Oscar Wemborne in their best style. Miss Kate Archer, Miss Hilda Boulton and Miss Lois Winlow played Beethoven's Rondo from the trio op. 9, for violin, viola and cello, and Miss Birnie and Miss Archer gave the first movement of Schumann's Sonata in A for piano and violin, both numbers being among the most successful pieces of the evening. Miss Heloise Keating gave a harp solo with taste and executive ability, and Miss Edith Mason displayed her excep-

tional technical accomplishments in the Paganini-Liszt "La Campanella" for piano. Altogether a very delightful and profitable evening was passed.

The piano pupils of Mr. W. J. McNally gave an interesting recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening. The pupils who appeared were the Misses Jennie E. Williams, Ethel De Nure and Marion M. Lang. Miss Margaret Waste assisted at the violin, and vocal numbers were given by Miss Nellie Ross, pupil of Dr. Ham, and Miss Katherine Miller, pupil of Mrs. Reynolds-Reburn. The composers represented were Chopin, Sinding, Brahms, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, Beethoven, Heller, Schumann and Mendelssohn. The young ladies did executive work both from an executive and musical point of view.

"W. P. B." writes complaining of the conduct of certain persons at the Massy Hall on Monday evening at the concert by Messrs. Hofmann, Gerard and Kreisler. He says: "There was applause of a most injudicious character. The end of the first number, the Rubinstein trio, was completely spoiled by a person who sat nearly in front of the stage breaking in with applause before the piece was finished."

Miss Margaret Nelson, a pupil of Miss Graham, has been appointed to succeed Miss Waldram as leading soprano in the Central Presbyterian choir.

A famous French composer the other day paid 500 crowns for the privilege of using the conductor's seat during a performance of one of his own operas. The composer was Massenet, the performance the hundredth in Vienna of his "Manon." Massenet conducted, and his 500 crowns were added to the pension fund for members of the opera. The house was, of course, crowded, and the enthusiasm was great. During his sojourn in Vienna his sacred drama, "Mignon," was also sung. Mascagni was at the Austrian capital at the same time to conduct a performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Massenet, by the way, is at work on his memoirs, but they are not to be printed until after his death. The MS. is dedicated to his daughter and his grandchildren, and the motto on the title page is, "L'Art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument sol-même." ("Art consists in being completely one's self.")

Herr Franz Fridberg has published some amusing reminiscences of the early days of Wagner in Vienna. When "Tannhauser" had its first performance it was not given at the Imperial Opera, but in a suburban theater, where it was so inadequately sung that few remained to hear the third act, and the opera was soon shelved for the time being. "Lohengrin" was better received, because the popular tenor Ander sang in it. But one day Wagner visited Vienna, and expressed strong disapproval of Ander's Lohengrin. This aroused great indignation until Niemann came and sang the role, when everybody understood Wagner's censures of Ander. The "Meistersinger" stirred up the Wagnerites and their adversaries as no other work had done. Life-long friends became foes, and musical rows were frequent in the taverns and the streets. The musicians themselves struggled against the new art with all their might and main. There were thirty rehearsals of the new opera. At one of them a viola player got up and said to Herbeck, the conductor: "This bar cannot possibly be correct." "Why not?" asked the conductor, and the player answered: "Because it sounds well." At another rehearsal Herbeck had an alteration with a horn player who had loudly abused the opera. "You are not an admirer of Wagner?" said Herbeck. "No," replied the other, "I am a musician."

Miss Edith A. Mason, a pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, gave a most enjoyable piano recital on Saturday afternoon last in Nordheimer Hall, which was filled by a thoroughly musical audience. She proved herself to be a most accomplished performer in a selection that included the Sonata Appassionata (first movement), Bach's Toccata and Fugue, as transcribed by Tausig; Henzel's "If I Were a Bird," the Rubinstein transcription of Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and "La Campanella." Paganini-Liszt. Miss Mason has exceptional technical acquirements, the greatest executive difficulties being played by her with clearness and precision. She brings a powerful tone from the instrument, and is altogether a brilliant and vigorous pianist. She had the assistance of Mrs. Fred Cox and Mr. Joseph Heffernan, vocalists, and Miss Heloise Keating, harpist, and Miss Eva J. Luttrell, accompanist, all of whom added materially to the attractiveness of the recital.

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Strauss-Youngheart, Mrs. Adamson, Mrs. Parker, Miss E. Blake, Mr. E. Wyly Grier, and Messrs. Oscar Wemborne, A. Heyes, Allan Fairweather, Paul Jarvis and F. J. L. Harrison. The Mayor will be present. The plan opens at Gourlay, Winter & Léesing's on Saturday, May 12.

His Last.

John had made a resolution, But he would not sign the pledge; He was on the brink of ruin, On the bitter, gloomy edge.

Of he paused to reconsider, Wondering what he'd better do; Suddenly an idea struck him, Set him wondering anew.

And, as o'er and o'er he pondered, For a moment ceased to think, His resolve was clinched forever— He would take just one more drink.

Slowly then his way he wended, Assured himself none was nigh— Then a great lump seemed to choke him, And he found a lonely spot:

Peered down at the rushing water— Cold and deep it flowed below— Yet his purpose was unshaken, Firmer still it seemed to grow.

One last look he cast around, Assured himself none was nigh— Then a great lump seemed to choke him, And he found a lonely spot:

There were those at home who loved him,

And his heart grew sick and sad,

For, although a hardened villain, Still, poor John was not all bad.

For the first time, then, he faltered, Thought of what his friends would think;

And his purpose kind of wavered,

As he paused there on the brink.

Then he summoned all his courage,

But his heart began to sink,

As his lips touched the pure water—

And John took just one more drink!

Years have passed, yet John has never

Tasted water since—not he!

His beverage now is varied—

Beer, champagne, and Scotch whiskey.

F. Bruce Carey.

The Walrus and the Carpenter.

"No birds were flying overhead; there were no birds to fly!"

Lewis Carroll states this simple fact with mathematical accuracy, and though birds have flown in the past, and will fly again, everyone with common sense will admit that where there are no birds to fly, no birds will be seen flying.

Similarly, an acetylene gas apparatus that never contains any gas, but simply generates during one-tenth of a second the gas to be burned during the tenth of a second, cannot explode or breakage arising from employment or use of bad material or workmanship in building or installing said machine in any way the fault of this company, will be repaired and made good free of charge, for a period of TEN YEARS from the date of first lighting up. Subject to the due cleaning and use of the machine according to the printed directions furnished with it, and its Catalogue Burner Capacity. Including the use of Standard Pea Carbide.

Siche Gas Company, Head Office 83 York street, Toronto.

That is the reason why the SICHE ACETYLENE-GAS MACHINE is absolutely safe. SICHE GAS is the coming illuminant. It will light your residence, store, church, warehouse, summer cottage, lodge, rink, stable or lawn to perfection. It will cook your meals, do photography, light steamboats, trains and yachts, provide the most powerful searchlights, and most convenient and best lights for stereopticons. IT CAN NEVER BLOW UP because it is not in existence—is not there to "blow" until the one-tenth of a second before it burns at the burner. All the old notions of danger from acetylene must be abandoned since the invention of the SICHE ACETYLENE GAS GENERATOR, because its principle of making a half a thimbleful of gas at a time is brand new and absolutely certain and safe. The machine CANNOT make gas unless gas is being burned, and it can only make it at the rate that it is burned, because it is the burning of the gas that keeps up the generation instant by instant, and if the burning ceases the generation instantly stops also. Read the following testimonial and then write us for catalogue of lights and cooking apparatus.

The Siche System has been fully approved by the Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association, and may be installed without increase of insurance rates. The Siche machine is the only one that is not required to bear the stigma, "Dangerous," as a warning against approaching it with a light.

Canadian Fire Underwriters' Association, Montreal and Toronto, November 29, 1901.—Siche Gas Company, 83 York street, Toronto.—Dear Sirs: This is to certify that after examination by our Inspector, your Siche Acetylene-Gas Machine, constructed in accordance with the plans and specifications filed in this office, has been accepted as fully complying with the Standard Requirements of this Association, as per Revised Rules of March 1, 1899.

Yours truly (Signed) Alf. W. Hadrill.

Secretary.

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Books and Their Makers.

DR. S. MORLEY WICKETT, one of the brightest and most indefatigable scholars of the younger generation in Canadian university work, has laid all students of municipal problems in this country under a heavy obligation to him by reason of the tireless industry and the fine judicial spirit he has brought to bear in the investigation and statement of matters vitally concerning the future of city government in Canada. In the "University of Toronto Studies" (history and economics branch), there has just been published a brochure containing three exceedingly useful and interesting papers, with an appendix giving a comprehensive bibliography of publications referring to Canadian municipal government.

The first of the papers is an historical examination of the sources, nature and peculiar problems of city government in the various provinces of the Dominion. Dr. Wickett traces a general likeness between city government in Canada and its English prototype, but finds in this country a tendency towards the development of many of the problems that vex municipal administration in the United States, and that may be said to be peculiar to the New World. Canada has enjoyed a great homogeneity of population, but with an increasing foreign element, some of the distinctive virtues of our institutions may disappear. Dr. Wickett concludes, is dependent on the stamp of men commanding. In order to bring out better men for places of public trust and honor, he advocates a lengthening of the term for mayor and aldermen. In this connection he makes the observation, in a footnote, that the absence of party, or some other organization to fill its place, has left the bringing forward of municipal candidates in Canada to interested individuals, self-help and chance. Another obstacle to representative citizens seeking aldermanic honors, he thinks, is the lack of any fixed tradition of professional independence on the part of the chief municipal officials. Municipal administration is, after all, mainly a technical task; and in Canadian cities it still remains to insist upon greater independence and responsibility on the part of departmental heads. On the whole, though perfection is not written across the face of city organization or administration in the Dominion, the basis of city government in Canada has, thinks Dr. Wickett, been well and truly laid. But it will not do for Canadians to boast. They are not yet out of the wood. Foreign elements are coming more into evidence in some of the cities, and there are many problems yet to be settled concerning the relations of province and city, and important matters more directly affecting municipal organization still to be disposed of. Of these the corporation question in its various aspects is one of overshadowing importance.

The second paper in the book is entitled "Westmount: A Municipal Illustration," and is by Mr. W. D. Lighthill, mayor of the model municipality adjoining Montreal. Mr. Lighthill gives a graphic picture of the progress and present position of the marvelous little city that, commencing in 1890 with a population of 1,850 and an assessment of some four millions of dollars, had last year reached ten thousand population, and an assessment of about twelve millions. Westmount, with both a low tax rate and a low valuation of property for assessment purposes, has an administration of public affairs superior to that of perhaps any other urban community in Canada. Its death rate, 10.5 per thousand, is lower than that of either Montreal or Toronto, and also lower than the provincial rates of Ontario and Quebec, though in every sense Westmount's is a city population. Indeed, the general state of Westmount is such as to make the average Canadian city dweller green with envy. Of course, in summing up the causes of its prosperity and proud immunity from municipal ills, one must not overlook the facts that it is physi-

cally well situated; that it has profited by the bad example of the wretchedly governed metropolis at its doors; that it has had the advantage of public services it could not have maintained as an isolated municipality; and that it is a community of wealthy people with an assessment per head reaching three or four times that of the average Canadian city. An interesting sidelight, it may be noted, before dismissing Mr. Lighthill's sketch, is thrown by this paper on the recent organization of the Union of Canadian Municipalities — Mayor Howland's pet institution. He had always imagined that His Worship of Toronto was the sole and only original originator of the union. But Mayor Lighthill says not, and claims the credit of the idea for himself, while giving Mayor Howland the honor of having carried out his suggestion.

In the third paper of the series, Dr. Wickett sketches the municipal organization and outlook of Toronto in a singularly comprehensive and illuminative way. The treatise is full of meaty data, relating to all branches of the city's affairs. As a ready manual on the system of administration under which the city is operated and as an unbiased outline of the great problems confronting local taxpayers, it is a valuable piece of work.

The bibliography at the end of the book adds not a little to the interest and utility of the whole.

In glancing through the sixth annual volume of "Reviews of Historical Publications Relating to Canada" ("University of Toronto Studies") one is reminded of a recent paraphrase of the Wise Man's saying about the endless making of books:

There was a man who wrote a book, And very well indeed it took; So then another man he went And wrote another book a'nt; And so on, and so on, wrote the book. But using this, another took The hint, and said: "I cannot brook That others only should succeed!" And so he wrote a lengthy screed About the man that wrote about the man that wrote the book.

To try to tell you all were vain, Because it is an endless chain.

However, these reviews are for the guidance and edification of students of history, not for the general reader; and they doubtless serve an end that justifies not only their creation, but their creation at such voluminous length (226 quarto pages). No publication bearing in the remotest way upon Canada seems to have escaped the vigilance of the editors, Professor Wrong and Mr. Langton, and their staff of eagle-eyed reviewers. If a newspaper writer and layman may venture to offer criticism upon the matter and form of this annual compilation, there are two suggestions I would make. First, the reviewers devote far too much attention to recording their opinions and estimates of the writings under consideration, and too little to compressing the gist and purport of these writings within narrow compass for the ready information and guidance of those who come to the "Reviews" as to a work of reference. A good review of an historical book or essay will give a brief, clear and unbiased "precis" of the subject matter and thesis of the publication under review. The term "review" does not necessarily imply a critique, and, in my humble judgment, in such a work as Messrs. Wrong and Langton have undertaken, the former, not the latter, is chiefly to be desired. In the second place, all the reviews should be signed, not merely the more important ones, as at present.

The April number of "Mind" begins the tenth volume of that well-known review of social and psychic phenomena. The publication has steadily improved.

In the April "Forum" Mr. Sydney Brooks calls attention to "The Example of the Malay States" as affording useful suggestions for the administration of the Philippines. The record of British policy in the Straits Settlements especially illustrates, in his opinion, the wisdom of not being over-zealous in the cause of its prosperity and proud immunity from municipal ills, one must not overlook the facts that it is physi-

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Zangwill, Bret Harte and Maarten Martens are among the other contributors to this number, which is unusually good in fiction.

The Easter issue of "Donahoe's Magazine" is a handsome number, rich in contents and beautifully illustrated throughout. Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., contributes the leading feature, an Easter meditation on "The Unknown." This erudite writer considers the attitude of unbelieving scientists toward reason and faith, and clearly demonstrates that God and the soul are facts which the scientist finds at the end of his spade, his scalpel, or his telescope; under the microscope, or at the bottom of the retort.

The steady improvement which has been noticeable in recent numbers of "Outing" is even more evident in the April number. The watchword of the "Outing" editorial sanctum seems to be "Keep near to Nature," and on this line Mr. Caspar Whitney and his associates are succeeding admirably. The cover of the April number and the frontispiece are striking examples of color work, and the magazine is editorially, as artistically and mechanically, far ahead of former numbers.

"Ainslee's Magazine" for April contains an article of startling importance, "Divorce and the Family," by Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, one of the most influential Episcopal clergymen in New York. This study of the most intimate and grave problem in the United States is remarkably frank. The stories show much variety and force. "Friends at San Rosario," by Oliver Henry, is a splendid piece of workmanship. "Sweet Bones," by Dabney Marshall, is a very pleasing story of a court marriage in the South. "The Wife of Captain Burke," by William McLeod Raine, is a good romantic tale, fully as interesting as "The Fortunes of Lal Faversham," which comes to a close in this issue. "The Espiritu Santo Trail," by Will Lexington Comfort, is a strong story of a pack train in the Philippines.

Apropos of the Mrs. Gallup cipher, "Macmillan's Magazine" has an article, "Who Wrote 'Paradise Lost'?" The writer, by clever deduction, proves that the real author of "Paradise Lost" was Oliver Cromwell, otherwise King Francis II.



RECENT FICTION.

Wild Animals that have known me—From "Life."

Music in the Dark.

MUSICAL GERMANY has recently been discussing in all seriousness the question whether it is true that a pernicious effect is produced upon music-lovers at public concerts by feminine beauty, with its delightful accessories, as seen in a blaze of artificial light reflected by crystal, gold and glittering diamonds? Germany answers yes, and declares that in future lights must be turned down; in fact, some of the bolder spirits have already put them out and left the audience in darkness.

The idea was first suggested to a concert reformer in Darmstadt, who took to reading Goethe, and came upon a chapter in "Wilhelm Meister," in which an eccentric lover of music is described: "He could not live without music, more especially singing, and he was wont to listen to it without seeing the singers." This quaint individual used to say that music is really intended for the ear only, whereas in concert rooms it is made to minister mainly to the eye, to accompany movements, not sensations. The gentleman from Darmstadt thereupon concluded that the first step in the way of rational reform

The Place Viger Hotel, Montreal, is the latest creation of that celebrated architect, Bruce Price of New York, who is supposed to be one of the most clever men in his profession in America, and he has certainly added to his renown by designing and finishing this grand specimen of the builder's art.

The claim is made for the "Place Viger" that it is as fireproof as this intelligent constructor could devise up to the date of its recent completion, and every precaution and safeguard known is in operation at the present moment. A complete system of fire-hose, with nozzles attached, is always connected with the larger water mains on each floor, a plan which the fire commissioners of New York claimed would have prevented that terrible loss of life in the Park Avenue Hotel fire.

The general outline of the exterior of this hotel is a beautiful example of the French Renaissance, and is a marvelous exhibition of this clever architect's handiwork, who seemed here to have turned out his masterpiece.

In the interior every convenience, everything new and up-to-date in the hotel world, has been introduced. Sumptuous suites, heavily carpeted with the finest materials from the best looms in Europe, the decorations and furniture of the most luxurious kind, and bathrooms that are bathrooms in every sense of the word, with floors laid in Mosaic marble, exposed silver plumbing, full length porcelain tubs, wainscoting in onyx and mahogany, and lavatories of the swellest, most approved type.

The management have not overlooked the menu of the "Place Viger." The cuisine is unapproachable in this country. That is one of the many departments in which it excels. Every delicacy obtainable is to be found on the tables of this magnificent hotel, no expense being spared in procuring the latest and newest edibles. Then the service is of the brightest kind, prompt and courteous, and the establishment is surrounded with an air of refinement and agreeableness which is not to be found in any similar institution in the Dominion.

The "Place Viger" is situated in the center of the aristocratic French residential quarter, opposite the lovely Viger Gardens, the largest and most beautiful square in Montreal, and near to the great historical places of interest, making its location a very charming one indeed.

The "Place Viger" is an ideal hotel in every particular.

50¢ a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Every box of the genuine bears signature and portrait of Dr. A. W. Chase.

Spring Blood is Bad Blood.
It is Impure, Weak and Watery

As a Consequence You Feel Tired, Languid and Depressed—Your Appetite Fails, Your Digestion is Slow, Your Head Aches and You Feel the Need of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

To hosts of people spring with all its beauty and attractiveness is a time of weakness and debility. While all nature is awakening to new life and energy, man alone suffers the effects of his artificial winter life and his nature demands a tonic and restorative to put his system in a healthy condition.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food supplies the spring want of the human body as no preparation has ever been known to do. It enriches and purifies the blood, tones up the stomach and digestive organs, strengthens and invigorates the nerves, gently regulates the liver and bowels and builds up the system generally.

We believe that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the most thoroughly effective blood builder extant, and this belief is backed by thousands of honest, respectable people in all parts of this country and the United States. By weighing yourself while using this preparation you can prove beyond a doubt its wonderful efficiency as a builder of firm flesh and solid muscles.

Mr. W. Hawken, of 3 Roden Place, and who is employed in H. A. Chase's Candy Works, Toronto, Ont., states:

"I was troubled for a long time with very severe headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and could not rest or sleep well. The regular use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has greatly improved my appetite. I sleep splendidly and the headaches are entirely gone. As a matter of fact I feel like a different person and can recommend this medicine very highly, as I know it has been the means of curing me."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

50¢ a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Every box of the genuine bears signature and portrait of Dr. A. W. Chase.



MR. W. HAWKEN.

A Strong Statement.

When a mother puts a thing emphatically about, Mrs. J. F. Harrigan, Huntingdon, Que., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets in our house for over a year, and I can say that they are all that is claimed for them."

Strong Endorsement.

Mrs. Walter Brown, Milby, Que., says: "I have never used any medicine for baby that did him as much good as Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without them."

A Mother's Comfort.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great medicine for children of all ages," writes Mrs. H. H. Fox, Orange Ridge, Man., "and I would not be without them in the house. They are truly a comfort to baby and mother's friend."

Just the Thing for Baby.

Mrs. Ed. Jones, 55 Christie street, Ottawa, says: "Have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing for baby."

Great Help.

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets a great help for my little ones," writes Mrs. James Clarke, 60 Conway street, Montreal, "and I think so much of them that I would advise mothers to keep them in the house all the time."

Satisfactory Results.
Mrs. Hunt, Dumfries, N. B., says: "I am glad to say that I have used Baby's Own Tablets with satisfactory results."

Free to Mothers Only.

To every mother of young children we will send us her name and address plainly written on a postal card, we will send free of all charge a valuable little book on the care of infants and young children. This book has been prepared by a physician who has made the ailments of little ones a life study. With the book we will send a free sample of Baby's Own Tablets, the best medicine in the world for the minor ailments of infants and children. Mention the name of this paper and address The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Surprising Results.

Mrs. William Fitzgibbon, St. Johnsbury, Ont., says: "My little baby, six months old, was sick. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and was surprised to find the change he made in him in a few hours. I shall always keep the Tablets in the house after this."

The Se

An Experienced Mother.

"I am the mother of nine children," writes Mrs. John Hamlin, 125 Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt., "and have had occasion to use much medicine for children, and I can truthfully say I have never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

A Cure for Constipation.

Many little ones are troubled with constipation and it is a dangerous trouble. Mrs. John Hamlin, 125 Main Street, St. Johnsbury, Vt., has been badly troubled with constipation and has never found anything to equal Baby's Own Tablets. They are prompt in their action and just the thing for little ones."

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The Got the Potatoes.

The man who forgets the obligations in the way of shopping imposed upon him by the women of his family when he leaves the house is not rare enough to excite curiosity, but the woman with sufficient tact and wit to checkmate this loss of memory is one such lives in Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia "Record" says that she had labored for several days to impress upon her husband the necessity of sending home a bag of potatoes.

At last, when all her persuasions and injunctions had failed, she surprised him one morning by handing him a sealed letter, and asking him with great seriousness not to open it until he reached his place of business. All the way down town he thought of the strange request, and he no sooner entered his office than he tore open the letter. This is what he read:

"Dear John—For some time past I have thought long and earnestly on what I have to say to you, and I have decided that this is the best method to communicate it. I have hesitated several times about writing to you in this way, but I find that I cannot conceal my thoughts longer. I must and will tell you all."

Here John's hair began to rise, but he heroically turned over the page and read on: "The potatoes have been out at all nice, very nasty, we No answer.

The woman but her eye a

"

The Sense of Humor.

He was an ordinarily mild and inoffensive little gentleman who had lived for many happy, uneventful years in farther Chelsea, when a volume of theatrical anecdotes came into his hands. In this he read of endless practical jokes played with unfailing success by Vivier and Sothern, and of how that great comedian, J. L. Toole, brought confusion to a baker's shop displaying in the window a sign, "Families supplied," by requesting that three girls and a boy should be sent round as soon as possible.

"This," he said, "is the exercise of true wit." Then he went out, still chuckling.

In farther Chelsea, where custom is drawn by halfpence from the needy, stands an eating-house which endeavors to attract the hungry by pasting on its front this dubious message, "Everything as nice as mother makes it."

"The very place," said the little gentleman, and entered.

"I can have a meal?" was his first query.

"Yes—straight through," said the woman behind the counter, pointing to an inner partition of the shop.

"Any everything as nice as mother makes it?" he asked.

"That's in the window."

"But how nice does mother make it?"

"Jim," said the woman, calling into space, "here's a cove wants to know how nice mother makes it," and she laughed.

"Garn," came a beery voice; "must be balmy on the crummet. Turn 'im out."

Nothing daunted, the little man went on: "Supposing she doesn't make it at all nice? Supposing she makes it very nasty, what then?"

No answer.

The woman went on frying onions, but her eyes gleamed.

"What if I don't remember any mother? What if she never made anything at all? What if—"

He got no further, but found himself thrust violently through the door to the pavement outside, while a voice admonished him: "Ere, you, don't come interfering 'ere—if yer wants a sausage and mashed, say so. If not, set out." And as he retreated hastily, though with dignity, the voice followed faintly: "Bedlam—that's the place for the likes of you—Bedlam."

The discomfited little gentleman had walked nearly a mile before his recovery was completed by a sign, hung over a boot shop, which caught his eye. "Wear Parkinson's Boots," ran the legend.

The little man fairly leaped into the shop.

"Why?" he asked, in mild inquiry.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the assistant who had hurried forward to greet him.

"Why should I wear Parkinson's boots?"

"Because they are the best, sir. We use nothing but the best leather."

"What's the matter with my own?"

The assistant glanced down.

"Uppers want mending and heels leveling, sir. Do you a perfect boot for fifteen shillings?"

"But supposing Parkinson's don't fit me?"

"We keep all sizes, sir."

"Yes, but I don't know that I care about wearing another man's boots."

"Of course, sir, if you prefer to go on buying boots like those you've got on; but," with a deprecatory smile, "we can turn you out a much better article for fifteen shillings."

"But my name is Pettigrew, and I don't think it would be legal for me to wear Parkinson's boots—it looks like robbery!"

"Robbery?" said the assistant sharply. "Our prices are as low as they can be for sound wearing qualities. If there's nothing further to-day, sir," holding open the door, "good morning!"

"Some people," said Pettigrew to himself, as he waited for his homeward bus, "have no sense of humor. I wonder how Toole managed it?"—Punch."

Money and Dreams.

He settled himself in his roomy chair in his big, old house, where he had lived so long that the city had grown up away and beyond him, leaving the house, which



Abbey's Effervescent Salt
The great tonic laxative. It starts at the root of most all common ailments, the stomach and bowels, getting them into action in a gentle but sure way.

It has a tonic effect on the digestive organs aiding them in the performance of their proper duties. Sold by all druggists.

No Money is Wanted

I Ask Only the Name of Some Sick One; Let Me Send My Book.

I ask from you this, as an act of humanity: Simply write me a postal. Give me the name of a sick one. Tell me which book he needs.

I will do this in return: I will furnish that sick one a treatment which I spent a lifetime in learning. I will give all the advice he needs. And I promise that if my method fails, he shall not have a penny to pay.

I will even do this: With the book I will send an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will authorize him to let you take it for a month. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself. I will leave the decision with you.

That seems an impossible offer, and with any other treatment it would be. It would bankrupt the physician who made it.

But I have made a prescription that strengthens the inside nerves. I have learned how to bring back the nerve power which alone operates the vital organs. When an organ is weak, I give it the power to act.

Usually that is all that is needed. And in most chronic diseases there is no other way to get well. My book will prove that I am right.

Sometimes, even the method fails, but not often. There are causes, like cancer, which no man can cure; but those consider with you.

My success is so general that in every case, no matter how difficult, I take the entire risk.

In five years I have done this in over half a million cases; and my records show that 39 in each 40 paid for the medicine taken. That means that only one in each forty has been disappointed.

It means that there are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you.

No sick person can afford to neglect an offer like this.

If the treatment succeeds, you are well. If it fails, it is free. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by it.

Won't you write a postal to learn about a remedy like that?

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia.
Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men (sealed).
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

My Lady's Ring.

DOES my lady ever pause to think as she glances at her dainty fingers adorned with their flashing diamonds, rubies, pearls, opals and emeralds, of the antiquity of this form of decoration? asks Margaret Leighton in "The Home."

Thousands of years have the Egyptian princesses lain in their stately tombs ornamented with gold necklaces, pendants and rings of the finest workmanship, inlaid with turquoise, lapis-lazuli and cornelian.

Formerly rings were not used merely for decoration. After the most ancient days of mere barter, the Egyptians saw that some species of money was desirable. They chose the ring. Each ring was made of a bar of metal bent into the form of a circle, but not quite joined, so that they could easily be formed into a chain which might be increased or decreased as the owner paid out or received his ring money. These rings of gold and silver were also used for personal adornment. Ring money is still used in parts of Africa, having descended from the time of the Pharaohs. Other countries also used ring money, and the gold torques worn around the necks of Gallic warriors must have been highly valuable as coin, for a single one sometimes weighed four pounds. Upon the earliest Egyptian rings the name and titles of the owner were engraved. Poor people often wore rings of glass or pottery if they could not afford any better material. The Etruscans were great lovers of the ring, and decorated it often with the sacred scarabaeus. A favorite device for the rings of Egyptian ladies was a representation of the cat, emblem of the Goddess Bast, the Egyptian Diana. Through all the ages there have been rings for the arms, legs, ears, neck, sometimes the nose and toes, as well as the fingers. According to the book of Genesis a ring was placed upon Joseph's hand as a symbol of rank.

The Italians first used the diamond for betrothal, as it is the stone of concord and signifies faith and purity. The early rings were "gimmel" or twin rings, and when used for an engagement were separated, each of the lovers wearing one of the hoops. The rings used by Luther when he wed the nun Catherine von Bora are still in existence. They are of silver with Luther's and his wife's names and the date engraved in Latin on the insides. The designs represent Christ's passion, a cross, rope, ladder, leaf of hyssop, spears, etc. The Duke of Hamilton, being in great haste, was married to his bride with a curtain ring. The tiniest marriage ring ever used was that handed by Cardinal Wolsey upon the marriage of Henry VIII's daughter Mary, aged two, to the Dauphin of France, eight months old. One curious use of a ring was that employed by the Duke of Venice. As a wife is subject to her husband, so he wished to show that the Adriatic was subject to the Venetian Republic, and every year, on Ascension Day, he stood upon the ship Beccantur and cast a ring into that sea.

The Greek Church first decreed that the wedding ring be worn on the third finger of the right hand, but later it was altered to the third finger of the left, as a nerve goes directly from that finger to the heart. The Greek priest gives a silver ring to the bride and a gold one to the groom.

Rings have some importance in religious life. The Pope gives to each cardinal a ring when he attains his high office. The Pope himself has two rings which descend from Pope to Pope. One is for sealing decrees, and the other, which he wears on state occasions, has a beautiful cameo of the head of Christ.

The mourning rings of our grandmothers' time and earlier were ghastly ornaments. Washington left several of these to women relatives and friends "as mementos of esteem."

It was at one time the curious fashion to set, instead of a beautiful jewel, a human tooth in the ring. One containing a tooth of Voltaire was for a long time worn by a French scholar.

The Romans probably found the fingers of some of the Sabine women they stole decorated with rings, for after that they too adopted the ring. Their signet rings, like those of the Lace-demonians, were made of iron. The early Roman ambassadors wore gold rings as a part of their official dress. Sometimes portraits of friends or ancestors were engraved on them; often subjects from mythology or religion. Engraving upon gems in those remote days was more perfectly and beautifully done than any at the present time. Some of the more sentimentally Romans had different rings for the warm and cold seasons. The Romans had bronze rings of which the bezants were the keys to their treasure chests. The Spartans, always simple in their habits and tastes, passed a law that rings made of anything more valuable than iron should not be worn.

Magic powers were sometimes attributed to rings, such as the charm rings and cramp rings. The latter were blessed by the sovereign at high mass smooth by time.

He sat now with his eyes closed again and his hand folded over the ring on his breast. He dreamed once more, and it was his last dream. It was summer—yes—but it was nearly fifty years ago. The dust and roar of

time gave way to the scent and quiet of an old garden; the heat to the dew of a country evening; its breezes lightly moving the leaves of the trees and fluttering the ruffles of a girl's muslin frock, with its pattern of summer blossoms upon it.

A boy—such a boyish country boy—took the silver ring, then new and shining, from his pocket and put it on the hand of the girl in the flowered muslin frock. Then they kissed each other, and the girl fell to sobbing, with her arms about her companion's neck, and he spoke:

"Never mind, dear; Annie, dear. I am going away to make a fortune, and will be married, and I will take you away to the city, and you will be rich and have everything you want."

"But I don't like the city. I should be so afraid and so confused, and you might not love me there as you do now here in the country. People in the city forget each other so."

"No, they don't; not if they really love each other, and I love you. Nothing can ever make me forget you. See, not as long as evening comes after the day and the stars come with it."

They kissed each other again.

The ring came back to him in a letter with a flower from Annie's grave.

Never once did he go to seek the grave to rest by it a moment. Work became his love and gold the star that guided him.

Now he clasped the silver ring tighter, tighter. By and by he gasped and fell forward. His clasps relaxed; he sighed once, a deep sigh, then lay there quite still. And later they found him so.—Margaret Klein in the New York "Herald."

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YE OLD FIRM OF HEINTZMAN & CO.

A Bargain List of Pianos Offered to Mail Order Customers

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY IS YOURS



Correspondence is reaching us from all sections of the country regarding our bargain lists of Pianos and Organs—and what is still more definite orders are accompanying the letters. It is to be expected that a firm that has been before the business public for more than fifty years, acting carefully and honestly in every case, should have the confidence of the people and make them feel that they can order as safely by letter as if they were buying in person in our warerooms. Mail order business is a special department with us, and we are constantly considering the interest of our friends at outside points. We have here prepared a list of second-hand Upright Pianos—every one of which is a big bargain. The names of the manufacturers will be familiar to most of you, and in every case the pianos have been carefully overhauled and put in condition practically as good as new before being offered for sale. Here's the list:

—A Handsome Heintzman & Co. Upright Piano, 4 feet 2 inches high, 7 1/3 octaves, 3 handsomely carved panels, in every way in excellent condition. Original price was \$350. We offer it to mail order customers at \$280—\$10 cash & \$5 a month.

—A Heintzman & Co. Upright Piano with combination music rack, stands 4 feet high, in case of beautiful Circassian wainut, 3 pedals, almost as good as new. Original price was \$375. We offer it to mail order customers at \$285—\$10 cash and \$5 a month.

—A Magnificent Heintzman & Co. Baby Grand Piano—the instrument of the greatest artists and people of culture the Dominion over. Only used a short time. Original price was \$750. Special to mail order customers at \$500.

—Fisher Upright Piano in beautiful rosewood case, 7 1/3 octaves, a piano we can recommend to customers. Manufacturer's price \$150. Special to mail order customers \$275—\$10 cash and \$7 a month.

—Heintzman & Co. Upright Piano, in handsome rosewood case, stands 4 feet 2 inches high, 7 1/3 octaves, handsomely carved panels, and in every way a beautiful instrument, in splendid condition. Special to mail order customers \$245—\$10 cash and \$6 a month.

—A Newcombe Upright Piano, in rosewood case, handsomely carved legs, stands 4 feet 8 inches high, manufacturer's price \$350. Special to mail order customers \$225—\$10 cash and \$6 a month.

A straight discount of 10 per cent. when all cash is paid. In all cases we give a Handsome Stool and Scarf with each piano free, and pay freight to any station in Ontario, with special arrangements to more distant points in Canada.

Heintzman & Co.
115-117 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO



The distinctly individual advantage of
The...
**Bellows
Bag**

is that for a short trip you can strap it up to about the size of a Suit Case, and for the long trip it will expand to double the size.

Our No. 915 is of the best materials throughout

and is all hand finished. A bag that will stand the roughest usage.

Made in the 20 inch, 22 inch and 24 inch sizes, costing a dollar an inch.

Send for Our Illustrated Traveling Goods Catalogue, No. 8 S.

It is issued for out-of-town buyers and selections can be made quite satisfactorily from it. We have all the things you will need for your journey.

The JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 KING STREET WEST

Corticelli
One Phase of the
New Woman

It is quite the thing just now to make sport of the aggressiveness of the new woman, but there is one thing that the new woman is fitting herself to do, for which she must be commended, and that is to make sport of the old woman. The old woman's main ambition in life is to be independent and freedom from restraint. It is equally in the direction of improvement of her condition and betterment of her surroundings. In various honorable ways she earns money without resorting to drudgery. The Song of the Shirt has no place in her vocabulary. She may work with her pen or her brush, or her voice or her mind, to provide for her own support. She is a credit to the world, for by far the largest number of women of all ages and in various walks of life earn their livelihood, in part or in whole, from the skillful employment of their needle. Knowing how to do it is the great secret, and every lady of ordinary intelligence can learn how to do the most artistic and elaborate crocheting, knitting and embroidery by following up the simple directions given in the book. The book is a marvel of usefulness and beauty, and furnishes valuable instructions in the art of French lace embroidery, modern lace making, embroidery shirt waists, new centerpiece designs, crocheted purses and bags, etc.

The magazine is profusely illustrated in colored and black prints, and is sold for 10c. a number or 35c. per annum. Address

**CORTICELLI SILK CO., Limited, Publishers,
ST. JOHN'S, P.Q.**

Social and Personal.

Mr. Plunket Greene, Mrs. Dorothy Harvey, a Western Canadian, and Mr. Rudolph Scarpa gave a charming concert on Wednesday evening before an audience which braved the most abominable weather to hear many good

things. Scarpa began the programme with a Liszt rhapsodie, which he played beautifully. Mrs. Harvey looked very fair in a black velvet gown, with jet and lace, and pearls about her pretty neck, and received roses and applause galore. Mr. Plunket Greene, although suffering all day from a severe

attack of neuralgia, sang himself, as usual, into the hearts of the people. Never has such a range of typical music been presented here. The songs varied from the most lilting Irish market-going trot on old Dobbins to the sweetest, saddest little mournful Swedish ballad. He sang German songs, grave and gay; French songs, proper and, I was going to say profane, but Friar John's fall from grace was commented upon with a fa-la-la so solemn as to carry conviction to all! The main interest of the recital was not in these, nor even in the sweet Helene and Mendelssohn song, but in the Irish songs of the glens of Antrim by Moira O'Neill, a poet now living at Fort Macleod, a real Irishwoman, whose six poems, set to music by Stanford, were simply gloated over by the people. "Corry meela" and "Loughharemna" (the fairy lake), and the last song, "Back to Ireland," were all that is tender, poetic and lovely, and Mr. Plunket Greene's singing was what they needed to fix them forever in Irish hearts. Moira O'Neill struck a brave note which appeals to Canadians when she wrote from far Macleod: "Set your face for Ireland, kiss your friends in Ireland, but leave your heart behind you in the West." Of such is the kingdom of Canada! And of his goodness Mr. Greene gave us "Little Mary Cassidy" and the "Sands o' Dee" once more. A correspondent recently wrote me a funny little note enquiring "whether Mr. Plunket Greene were married?" Perhaps this is as good a time as any to say to my correspondent that a wife and a bonnie little son await Mr. Greene's return across the sea next month; he starts for home on May 7.

Here's the latest telephone tale: Mrs. A. rang up Mrs. B. to make "Horse Show" arrangements. Mrs. A. is the sharpest and Mrs. B. the prettiest young matron on the North Side. The conversation progressed, when suddenly a squeak, a sibilant sound and an "Oh, don't you silly boy!" smote upon Mrs. A.'s listening ear. "What's that you say?" she enquired. "Nothing, only my foolish old hubby would kiss me good-bye while I was trying to tell you, etc., etc." Mrs. A. lost no time when the interview was over in ringing up Mr. B.'s office (to tell Mr. B. that she had been trying to get Mrs. B., and that there was something wrong with his house telephone). Mr. B. responded instantly. When he reached home he delivered Mrs. A.'s message. Now there are two women who are not quite so limpidly truthful of each other as of yore, and one of them is lying low upon the trail of an unknown man.

Mrs. and Miss Law changed their intention of going to England, owing to the news from South Africa, as Mrs. Law did not wish to leave home while her second son was in such hot service at the front.

The engagement of Miss Alma Ferris of Kingston and Mr. Joseph Fisher of Washington, D.C., is announced.

The following guests are at the Queen's Hotel:—Count and Countess Maluska, of Germany; Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Smallman, Mrs. I. J. Smallman, Miss Smallman, Miss Pringle, of London; Mr. George H. Chisholm, Mr. A. G. Lewis of Buffalo; Mr. E. S. Shead, of Ottawa; Mr. S. T. Peter of New York; Mrs. R. J. and Miss Hemmick, of Port Hope; Mr. and Mrs. William Hendrie and party, of Hamilton; Mrs. Townsend, of New York; Mrs. R. Rogers, of Winnipeg; Rev. Shatto and Mrs. Douglas, of Ottawa; Mr. C. R. Taylor, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Simpson of Bowmanville; Mr. Chas. L. Fitzhugh and Mrs. Fitzhugh, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. C. G. Turner, of Midland; Mr. and Mrs. Adam Beck, of London, Mrs. J. R. Smith, of Montreal; Charles B. Frost, Mrs. F. T. Frost, Miss Frost, of Smith's Falls; Mr. Richard Gibson, of Delaware; Mrs. James Reid, of Buffalo; Mrs. Rathburn, Miss Norah M. Bell, Miss Rathburn, Mr. W. D. Chisholm, of Belleville; Mrs. Henry Sanford, of New York; Miss Thorne, of Newcastle; Mr. George G. McCormack, of London; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Walker, of Detroit.

By the unexpected death of Mr. Alfred M. Patton on Sunday last there passed away one of those men who are so often described as belonging to the old school. A genial man, modest in disposition, and the soul of honor, he inspired a genuine affection in those of his fellowmen with whom he came in contact, either in business or social life.

Miss Pardee of Sarnia returned home this week, after a pleasant visit and many jolly little social attentions in Toronto.

On Saturday evening the Royal Canadian Yacht Club had a very large meeting for the special farewell to the hon. secretary, Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, who sails to-day for England. The Club presented Mr. Ricarde-Seaver with a very fine travelling bag and fittings and a splendid stop-watch, with his own design of the Club crest on the cover. The remarks accompanying the presentation showed that the Club appreciated to the fullest extent the invaluable services of the gifted, artistic, and enthusiastic hon. secretary, who for love of sport and good fellowship has done so much for the Yacht Club. Mr. Ricarde-Seaver has lived most quietly and unostentatiously amongst us, but has made many warm friends, who wish him well in his life in England, his native country.

The engagement of the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, and Miss Fielding, daughter of Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, Ottawa, is announced.

Nightmares.

"I dream my stories," says Hicks, the author. "How you must dread going to bed!" exclaimed Cynicus.—"Tit-Bits."

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other.—Glasgow "Evening Times."



JULIE RIVE-KING

New York, Sept. 15th, 1901.
52 East 21st Street.

DEAR SIR.—It was with extreme pleasure that I examined "The Simplex" Piano-Player. It has proven a revelation to me. I have heard and tried nearly all instruments of a similar nature and I find yours so far superior to the others that they cannot be compared.

With your instruments the performer has complete control of the shading and expression, together with perfect tempo, the time and expression being independent.

The name, "The Simplex," from its simplicity appeals to me as being very appropriate, the principal feature being the ease with which it is operated.

With your instruments the performer has complete control of the shading and expression, together with perfect tempo, the time and expression being independent.

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